

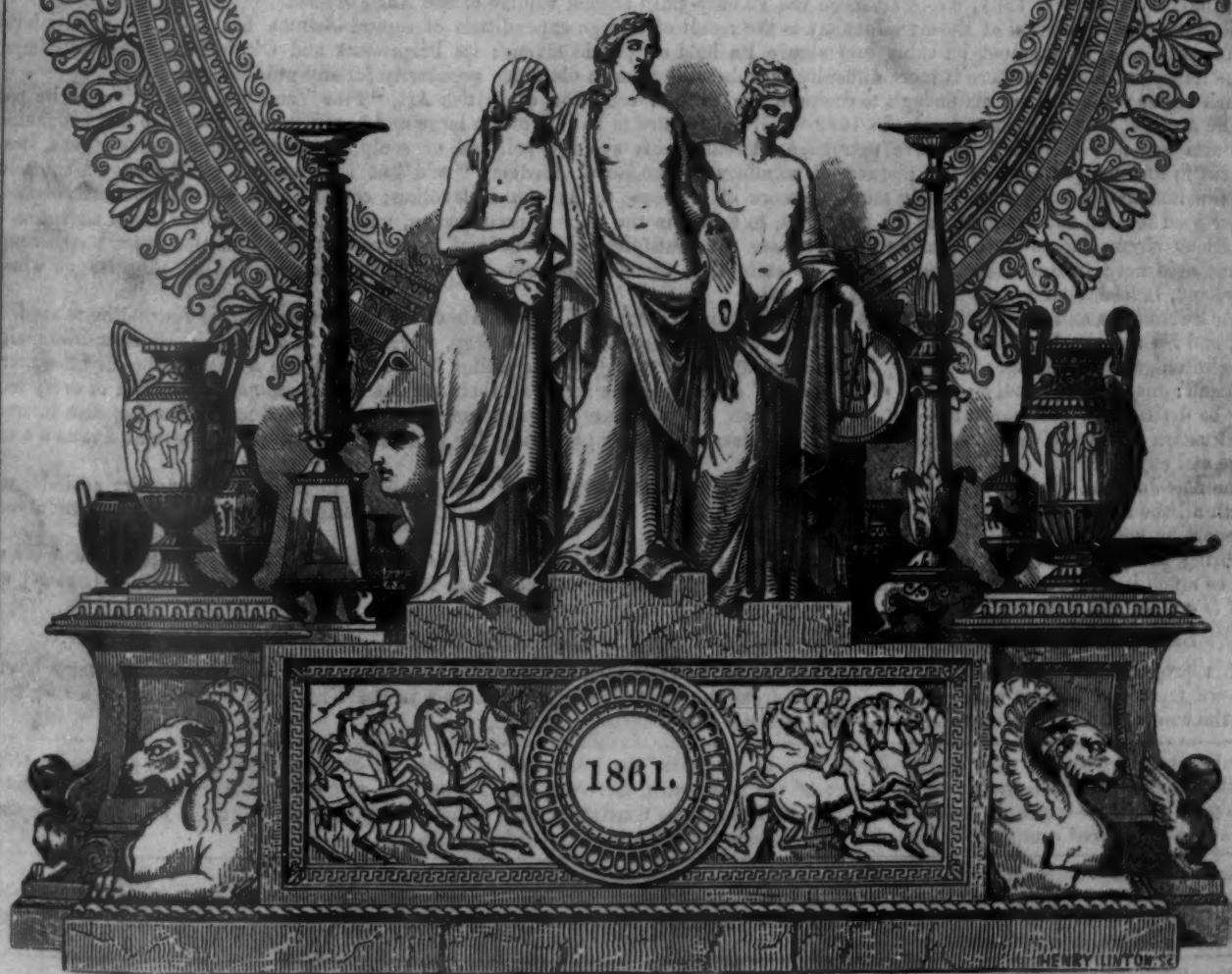
NEW SERIES: CONTAINING THE ROYAL GALLERY.

No. LXXIX.

[PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.]

JULY.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.

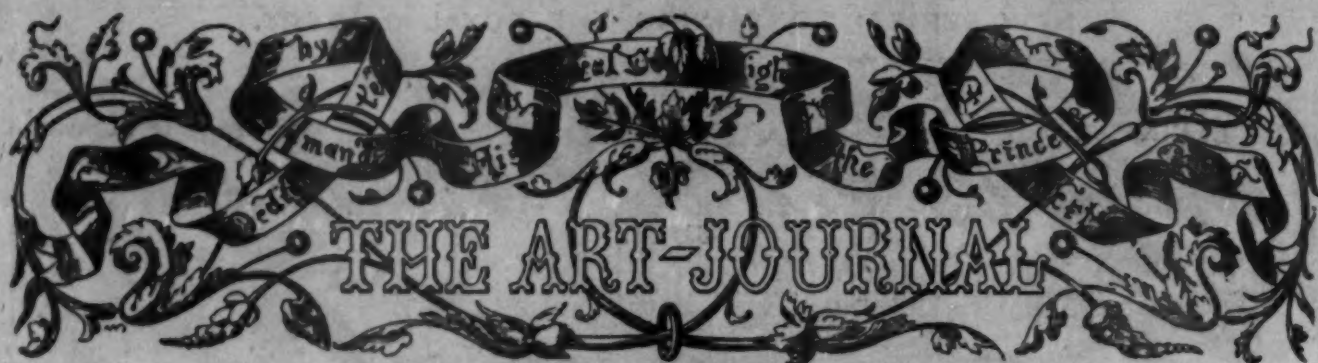


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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. DOVER. Engraved by T. A. PRIOR, from the Picture by G. CHAMBERS, in the Royal Collection at Osborne.
2. THE GODDESS OF DISCORD. Engraved by T. A. PRIOR, from the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., in the National Collection.
3. THE FOUNTAIN NYMPH. Engraved by W. ROFFE, from the Statue by J. S. WESTMACOTT.

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On the 1st of January, 1861, we commenced the Twenty-third annual volume of the ART-JOURNAL.

The extensive circulation of the ART-JOURNAL is the result of a large expenditure of capital—which has been continually increased year after year, so as to augment its value and secure its hold on public favour: its Proprietors and Conductors being fully impressed with the important fact that there is more difficulty in upholding than in obtaining popularity for any publication.

Such of our readers as are old enough to compare the present condition of British Art, "Fine" and "Industrial," with its position when the ART-JOURNAL was commenced—in 1839—will not require to be told of the large and beneficial changes time has wrought. The higher arts are now receiving extensive patronage: twenty years ago few painters or sculptors were "commissioned," and it was a rare event to find ten per cent. of the pictures of members of the Royal Academy "sold" at their annual exhibition. Manufacturers, with a few honourable exceptions, hardly made pretence of reference to Art for instruction; content with the chances that occasionally procured good results, and satisfied, for the most part, to follow in the steps of predecessors, without inquiry and without advance.

Various circumstances have combined to produce the gratifying and beneficial improvement of which the present epoch supplies abundant evidence; it cannot be presumptuous to state that the ART-JOURNAL has contributed largely to that progress on which the country, and, indeed, civilisation, may be congratulated.

Our Subscribers and the Public may rest assured that in no degree will the efforts of the Conductors of this Journal be relaxed. The Editor, and his many valued coadjutors, will continue to labour, with heart and energy, to render it in all respects commensurate with the growing intelligence of the age; to supply information upon every subject interesting to the Artist, the Amateur, the Manufacturer, and the Artisan: making it not only a record of all "news" concerning the Arts and their various ramifications,—a reporter of every incident it may be desirable to communicate,—but, by drawing on the resources of experienced and enlightened men, affording such information and instruction as may advance the great cause of Art—teaching, while gratifying, its professors and those who pursue Art as a source of pleasure and enjoyment.

The ART-JOURNAL for the year 1861 has, therefore, been commenced with an earnest resolve to improve it by every available means, and with all the advantages that result from long experience of the wants and wishes of its Subscribers, as well as with a grateful sense of the support by which it has obtained the high position it occupies.

During the year 1861, the series of Engravings from Pictures in the Royal Collections (and for the permission to engrave which we are so much indebted to the gracious munificence of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort) will be brought to a close, and will be succeeded by a series of

SELECTED PICTURES FROM THE PRIVATE GALLERIES AND COLLECTIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

This project has been liberally and considerably aided by collectors, and cordially assisted by many artists. Our selections have been made—we trust and believe with sound judgment—from the most extensive collections in the Kingdom; and we are so arranging as to obtain the co-operation of the best engravers—and of those only.

Subscribers are aware that a *New Series* was begun with the year 1855; when we obtained the honour, graciously accorded, of issuing Engravings from the Royal Pictures; of the new series, therefore, six volumes are now completed: while the series containing the Vernon Gallery—begun in 1849 and ended in 1854—also consists of six volumes. Either series may be obtained separately, and may be considered complete, there being no necessity for obtaining the earlier volumes.

Covers for the Volumes of the ART-JOURNAL can be had of any Bookseller at Three Shillings each.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded to 26, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JULY 1, 1861.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*

LAST month what are popularly known as the principal pictures in the exhibition were noticed at considerable length. In the course of these notices questions of principles in Art were discussed as they seemed to arise out of the merits or defects of pictures: and the same course shall be followed, in more or less detail, in our notes on what may, without offence, be called the less important works, wherever the elucidation of principle, in connection with particular pictures, shall appear to assist in propagating true and definite knowledge upon the subject; but relieving the tedium of such discussions by an occasional scamper over a number of those pictures too good to escape notice, and yet not sufficiently important to impart either much instruction in Art, or more than ordinary pleasure in the contemplation.

If whiting fishing be like other piscatory sports or occupations, it must be at least as interesting as the representation of it by Mr. A. MONTAGUE, No. 5, which contains some tolerable painting, but which, like No. 7, 'Pharaoh's Daughter,' E. ARMITAGE, does not fill or satisfy the mind, from belonging to that highly respectable class of works which, notwithstanding all their good qualities, are said in poetry to be acceptable neither to gods nor men. From Mr. Armitage especially we should be better pleased to have something atrociously bad, because then we might hope for some decided rebound towards his first works and great promise; but this mediocrity in high Art will prove the grave of any reputation, however worthily won; and being among those who welcomed the dawn of this artist's career with so much expectation, we are the more anxiously urgent that the fruit should bear some proportion to the blossom. Unfortunately the same tone must be adopted towards Mr. D. BIRCH, respecting his 'Common near the New Forest,' No. 11, which is a careful display of labour, without one ray of genius to recommend his diligence; but mere labour will never make a picture any more than a poem, and landscape without poetry is the body without the soul of nature. The photographer can do all this; he can lay out the body, and represent, if we may so speak, the limbs of nature better than any artist—and when that is all that can be accomplished, better that it should be left to those who can best succeed. But this is not landscape paint-

ing; that must be made instinct with the vitality of nature: and it would be as reasonable to suppose that wax dolls were veritable babies, as that such putting together of the details of nature, without evidence of life, are veritable landscapes. Labour is all very well; but without some evidence of being combined with genius—and that is not the mere faculty of imitation, however perfect—labour might be more profitably bestowed than in the production of pictorial nonentities.

'An Ancient Dame,' H. MOSELEY, No. 21, an old lady's head, creditably painted, and No. 26, 'Gossip on the Beach,' J. MOGFORD, have qualities of atmosphere, colour, and a knowledge of composition and effect from which more important works may be anticipated. Two things, however, Mr. Mogford would do well to bear in mind, that smoothness is not finish, and that what is technically known as glazing, does not always produce transparency. Smoothness will produce "prettiness," one of the most worthless qualities which can attach to pictures, but it is destructive of that variety of tint and texture so essential to success, and which are so eminently displayed in the beach scenes of Turner; and the reflected lights even of a breaking wave must be painted to secure transparency, as, according to Mr. Mogford's experience in this No. 26, glazing secures heaviness without producing the pellucid character of a curled breaking wave. The artist has another picture, No. 170, 'Beachy Head—an October Sunset,' which exhibits the same class of beauties and defects, the sky and distance being most creditable, while the sun seems not so much reflected in the waves' trough as on a space of wet sand. 'The Storm Cloud,' No. 469, however, shows that he has some of the true mettle in him, and, with ordinary study, he may soon be able successfully to develop his inherent power, and get rid of his present danger, which is to mistake a pretty manner for a successful style.

No. 30, 'The Water-seller of Ragusa, Dalmatia,' T. HEAPHY, is a characteristic treatment of an interesting study; and No. 43, 'The Fox in the Ice,' J. HAMER, looks very like a recollection of what Mr. E. W. COOKE did for the same subject last season, without the idea being bettered by the borrowing.

No. 36, 'The First-born,' C. BAUGNIET, is in title the same as the great work by Mr. F. Goodall; nor is the feeling essentially different in character, however inferior in degree. There is something beautifully tender in the humanity which the artist has thrown over this incident of fisher cottage life, and this work is another illustration of the truth—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The picture is, moreover, good in colour, as well as full of truth. We sincerely wish as much could be said for No. 37, 'Street in Geneva, 1825,' G. JONES, R.A., and a companion picture of the same size, where the houses are different, but the same figures appear to the same disadvantage in both. Mr. Jones has other and better pictures in the exhibition than these, and we cannot forget that artists are not always young, and that age cannot be expected to display the strength of manhood in picture painting. But if, instead of dealing with works according to their merits—and we should not be stinted in appreciation of legitimate partiality in such cases—they are, as it were, forced on public attention, as if for the mere purpose of challenging remark—the public have but one course left, and that is, to lift the glove so ostentatiously thrown down, and test the mettle of those whose chivalry so conspicuously outruns discretion. Let it be well understood, that in what follows Mr. Jones is in no way concerned, except as he has been brought forward by the hanging com-

mittee—most probably against his better judgment—as the most prominent victim of a most indefensible system, but one to which the members of the Royal Academy will probably more tenaciously cling than even to the limitation of their number; because, with the consciousness that they too may become old as men, and, consequently, more feeble as artists, a right to the line has become one of the most cherished individual rights belonging, or assumed to belong, to the members of this corporation. We yield to none in sympathy for age in any or in all its feelings, and can, therefore, fully estimate the strength of those feelings which cling around such a privilege as knowing that, come what may, you can never be supplanted by younger men in position for pictures, whatever their quality; but neither can we forget that the nation is always young, and that national institutions are not simply for preserving mementoes of the past, but must also represent the present, and prepare for doing justice to the future. How the claims of past merit are to be reconciled with those of the present may be matter of opinion, and the subject is one which cannot be satisfactorily treated in an incidental way; but the claim practically set forth in the hanging of these and some other pictures in the exhibition—that the works of those belonging to an incorporation shall, apart from quality and competition, be entitled to the best situations on the walls of a national edifice—is so foreign to British ideas on all other subjects, as to be, on public grounds, utterly indefensible,—so indefensible that, whatever might be supposed or felt on the question, judicious policy would prevent such a claim, either theoretically or practically, being forced upon public notice. We have already said that, as a rule, the Royal Academy is the most fairly hung exhibition in London. By that opinion we abide, but the case now in hand is not governed by the estimation in which different individuals may hold works of nearly equal merit, but by a claim of right set up altogether apart from the merits of the pictures. Mr. Frith recently, and most justly, took those who *did* the hanging at the British Institution to task, for the style in which some artists were there sacrificed, and Messrs. Ward and Hart have done good service by placing on record their opinion that, at least for Liverpool, sufficient guarantees for impartiality are best secured by admission of the lay element into decisions on such subjects; but, however the British Institution may err in judgment, that body is clear from the graver error of deliberate wrong-doing, through an alleged right to perpetrate the wrong. Mr. Frith had a very strong case against the committee at the Institution, because it ignorantly sacrificed some better pictures to make room for worse ones; but how much stronger would his case have been, could he have pointed to good pictures, not only this year, but every year, sacrificed, not from ignorance, but upon principle, to bad ones. Suppose, for example, that he could have shown the world, through the columns of the *Times* and *Art-Journal*, that the quality of pictures had nothing to do with the position assigned them by the hanging committee, and that the hanging committee had, practically, no option in the matter; that, as matter of right to certain artists, the committee was bound to put their pictures on the line, and in the best places; and that all other pictures could only be hung around these as was found most convenient;—what a case would he not have made out against the absurdity and cruelty of such a rule! True, the noblemen and gentlemen composing that Institution might have replied, that they sought nothing from exhibitors, who might submit or not, as suited them, to their judgment and decision; but with what indignant zeal for his brethren Mr. Frith would

* Continued from page 172.



have demolished such flimsy sophistry, can be more easily imagined than described. Or suppose, instead of hypothetical cases, that the Liverpool committee could have pointed Messrs. Ward and Hart to the fact, that the committee of artists had actually hung 'Early Sorrow,' No. 44—one of the best pictures exhibited of its class—by Mr. F. D. HARDY, and 'Ruinous Prices,' by Mr. Hughes, and the landscapes of Danby, on the floor, to make way for some of those which now disgrace the "line," how would their argument have been strengthened against the alleged tendency to "cliques" so feelingly deplored at Liverpool, and how doubly needful could they have shown some admixture of the lay element to be among those who have the management of exhibitions! Should any be so unfortunate as to mistake Institution for Academy, or to read London for Liverpool, the arguments of these academicians might be found more telling than convenient, and it is, at least, no disadvantage to the interests of artists as a body, that these opinions have been so distinctly put on record.

After this long digression—not undertaken willingly, but forced upon us by the action of the hanging committee in asserting one of the supposed rights of Royal Academicians—we are glad to return to the pictures, because, even when but indifferent in character, they are infinitely more pleasing than the stirring of such questions. 'The Mischievous Models,' No. 51, R. PHYSICK, is a puppy tolerably, and a kitten not well, painted, who have got upon the artist's palette, greatly, no doubt, to his grief, and the disfigurement of the puppy's nose; and No. 52, 'At Dockwray, Cumberland,' J. ADAM, is a small piece of dextrous handling, which rather, however, verges upon what has been so often proved a fatal facility of brush, to the destruction of all earnest thought. We ought to have noticed No. 50, 'A Welsh Cottage,' by Mr. A. COOPER, as a clearly and cleverly painted interior, not improved by the introduction of the figures. No. 55, 'Fruit and Still-life,' J. D. ADAM, is very good in colour, and worked out with true artistic feeling, the textures of the different objects being well preserved, and rendered with more than ordinary skill; while 'A Cladagh Fisherman's Fire-side,' No. 56, G. W. BROWNLOW, is a pleasing little picture of a very common subject, owing its chief attraction to a judicious balance and arrangement of colour. There is also something very nice about the upper portion of No. 65, if we except the drawing and quality of the tone in the clouds—rather a large exception, but still not sufficient to dishearten Mr. T. J. BANKS from attempting to repeat what he has done without repeating the defects. And why should Mr. W. W. FENN, as in No. 78, 'Clovelly, North Devon,' attempt to prefer resembling Hook instead of looking at nature for himself? A landscape only half as good as this would have been much more valuable, both to the artist and the public, had it displayed the artist's own idiosyncrasy. And young men would do well to remember that they had better be themselves even in indifferent pictures, than the followers of others in better ones.

No. 82, 'Counting her Chickens before they are Hatched,' C. S. LIDDERDALE, is a figure good in expression, and one which tells its story not by the face only, but by the whole disposition of the figure. Pity that the drawing of the arms is so wooden in character, and the left hand and arm are so positively bad; nor is there much excuse for such carelessness, for both parts of this picture, and the 'Inventor,' No. 393, by the same artist, show that he can and ought to be more careful. How Mr. Lidderdale came to produce some of the work in 'Threading Granny's Needle,' No. 188, it is difficult to divine. Mr. MASON'S

'Landscape,' No. 88, is as hot and sultry as 'The Shadow on the Tree,' No. 89, by J. RITCHIE, is striking and peculiar; this latter having a great appearance of finish, or rather labour, which it has not; and if Mr. Ritchie would be wise for himself, he will leave a style which is bringing down what once promised to be at least a respectable professional reputation by the run, and betake himself to the more legitimate path indicated by his other picture of 'A Case of Assault,' No. 230, where the character is good, albeit a little over-strained.

No. 93, 'The Artist's Properties,' J. BALANTYNE, is a spirited treatment of a subject which some artists never tire of painting, viz., portraits of their own stock in trade. Here, the artist's children, we presume, are ransacking his studio wardrobe, and dressing themselves out with its contents, and for those who like such subjects, this will be a pleasing little picture; but apart from the skill displayed in painting, it seems to us little better than time and effort thrown away, unless, indeed, such subjects are selected to save thought, which, it may reasonably be feared, is too often the case.

One of the most attractive small pictures below the line is No. 123, 'A Farm Yard,' G. W. HORLOR; but, to our thinking, the very qualities which make it most popularly attractive are precisely those which detract from its intrinsic value. Mr. Horlor is an artist who has made himself a high position as an animal-painter, and he has painted sheep with a strength of character and individuality of style which have not been surpassed by any except Landseer, if in reality by him. What, then, could tempt such an artist to adopt and manifestly imitate the latest, and certainly not the best, style of Landseer, as a substitute for the former manly forth-putting of his own power? The smoothness and finish, if it be finish, of the calves in this 'Farm-yard' are excellent, and the whole picture is unexceptionable, barring the rather leaden tone pervading the sky and greys throughout; and it would have been a wonderful specimen of animal-painting had Landseer never painted; but in that case Mr. Horlor never would have produced this picture; and what is gained by an artist when the first exclamation on seeing his work is, "Very like Landseer?" Is that the way in which any artist ever has, or ever will, build up a reputation for himself? We throw not. And it would be infinitely better to have the less perfectly-developed style of Mr. Horlor himself, than to have even good translations of Landseer, when that is destroying the inherent style of the translator; because a man's mode of expression is in reality, as much as his quality of thought, an essential part of him, whether in excellence or defects, and no parody of another can, as a general rule, compensate for the want of the original element. There have been, of course, exceptions—as when Teniers the younger added all his own genius to what his father had formerly achieved; or when Wilkie, basing his style upon that of old Carse, almost infinitely surpassed his model; or where the authors of *Rejected Addresses* threw their own genius over the styles of those they so cleverly—not so much imitated as—hit off; but these exceptions only prove the general rule. Unfortunately, Mr. Horlor gives no signs of being able to add additional lustre to the style of Landseer; and therefore we should greatly prefer seeing him in his own mode of pictorial expression. 'The Blot,' No. 136, and 'Pothooks,' No. 138, both by J. MORGAN, are two clever renderings of the same subject—an old schoolmaster, with a young urchin who, in the one case, is learning to make pothooks, and the other showing what "that boy did" to his copy-book. The colour in both is good, and to this is added excellent expression—in the latter picture

making it one of those "bits" which collectors will, no doubt, snatch at with avidity.

No. 147, 'An Italian,' H. T. WELLS, contains many good qualities, although wanting in decision of manipulation, and having the texture of a number of substances rather than that of flesh; while No. 152, 'Building a Rick,' by F. W. HULME, is up to, but does not go beyond, what the artist has previously reached—the painting being as clever and the colour as cold as usual.

No. 153, 'Births, Marriages, and Deaths,' C. LANDSEER, R.A., is, without any exception, the most perplexing picture in the exhibition. Upon the claim of right to the line assumed by academicians, this picture is hung where it cannot fail to attract attention; but how shall it be described after it has been seen? In a former article we referred at some length to the state of the Academy school, and endeavoured to point out the disgrace of being unable to produce students worthy of receiving the usual prizes. Mr. C. Landseer is keeper, i.e. teacher of drawing in the Academy, and it is impossible to overlook these two facts after this picture has been so ostentatiously forced upon public attention. It is admitted that a man may be a good teacher up to a point, without being able to produce good pictures; and it is also admitted that the mere drudgery of teaching tends to destroy an artist's works who continues to combine exhibiting with tuition. And these admissions are frankly made, to help in some measure to account for the qualities of this picture; but after all is said that can be conceived in extenuation, it is difficult to see how the school can be otherwise than bankrupt in ability if this be a fair sample of the instruction given to the students. Were personal feeling everything, and the interests of Art nothing, it would be much more agreeable to pass such pictures in silence; but, from the public position of the artist, this picture acquires a public interest which does not attach to the works of less important officials. Among the Royal Academicians, who may be president, treasurer, secretary, or trustee, matters nothing to the public, if the members are satisfied; but that the teacher of the coming artists of the country should be fully qualified for his work is a matter of national urgency, and it is to be hoped, for the sake of these young men, as well as for the prospects of Art, that if a fourth-form student produced drawing like the arms, legs, hands, and feet of these women and children, Mr. Landseer's righteous soul would feel constrained to apply the birch with vigour, and not spare for the delinquent's crying. But there must be some mistake in the catalogue which has misled the hanging committee; and until further and better proof, we cannot, and will not, believe that this picture represents the artistic skill of the first master of the highest school of Art in Britain—that school to which we, as a nation, owe nearly all the great men which this country can boast of in Art. Constrained by this hope, we forbear to go over the parts of this picture in detail, lest the galling saddle might be placed upon the wrong back; but if, unfortunately, it should turn out otherwise, other opportunities may offer for pressing the inevitable inference upon the attention of the Royal Academy and the public.

No. 161, 'Fruit Fragments,' Miss I. INGLIS, is a small picture of considerable merit, being especially remarkable for its truth of texture, the pieces of cut apple being equal to anything in the exhibition for the feeling of reality with which they have been painted.

No. 189, 'Chewing the Cud,' F. W. KETL, is good in character, both the ewe and lamb being cleverly rendered.

No. 190, 'The Knight's Home,' J. B. BUR-

GEES, a different reading of the 'Islesman's Home,' painted by Mr. Noel Paton some years since, is a coarse but vigorous treatment of what has become a very hackneyed theme with artists who subject their children, or the children of others, to such annoyances, but which seem to us neither natural nor interesting, however well they may be painted—although as a rule they are painted badly, from the fact that it is impossible to get up mental interest in an unreal subject. No true man can be earnest in developing a sham; and even the hope of sale will not enable an artist to put out his strength on what does not come home to his feelings of reality.

No. 216, 'Boat Builder's Yard on the Medway,' W. E. BATES, displays a creditable amount of respectable drawing; and No. 218, 'Volunteers returning from Firing,' F. HARRISON, shows that the artist has a good eye for colour, with a vigorous feeling for effect. His picture is small, but the way in which the clouds return, and the evening haze envelops the distant landscape, as well as the strength with which the volunteers come up against the sky, and yet retain the aspect of distance—an effect which less tutored eyes would have destroyed by the use of blackness, instead of contrast—shows that something more important may be expected from an artist who can do a little bit so well.

No. 226, 'A Leaf from the Book of Nature,' H. C. WHAITE, with Shakspeare's well-known

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything,"

appended as a motto, is a leaf well chosen for the purpose to which it is applied; and it displays some clever painting, although there is a general want of depth about the colour, and a frittered manner about the trees which, at least, add nothing to its value as a picture.

No. 232, 'An unexpected Trump,' W. H. KNIGHT, is a picture which contains a very large amount of admirable painting, and yet, from the threadbare nature of the subject, in the exhibition more than half the beauty of the picture is overlooked—that is, thrown away. Had half the ability been displayed upon a new and interesting theme, or had the subject been invested with some new interest from difference of composition, this would undoubtedly have been considered one of the choice pictures of the collection; but to reproduce the same old types sitting round the same old table, in the lines which everybody's pictures have rendered familiar, was surely a great blunder in the artist. Novelty of effect and striking composition are not absolutely essential to all success, but it requires other powers of the very highest order to bear up against the want of such invention, and even the highest powers in other walks will not long uphold an exhibition reputation against the want of this great popular charm—the love of novelty. Mr. Knight's picture is better than many that attract much more attention; but had the attractive qualities been added to the substantial merits of the picture, it would have been worth double value as a work of Art, and would have added ten times as much to the artist's reputation. Good painting is indispensable; but that is thrown away, when bestowed upon a composition so well worn that nobody takes the trouble to investigate the beauties of those details of which it is made up. Unfortunately, this is too much the case with these card-players, and the fact ought not to be lost upon Mr. Knight, and others whom it no less concerns.

'Flowers,' by Mrs. COLLINSON, No. 249, will repay attention, and so will a good landscape, No. 237, 'Colmslie Castle, the supposed residence of Sir Halbert Glendenning—see "Monastery"'—by Mr. A. PERIGAL.

'A Persian Bazaar,' No. 262, H. PILLEAU, is a piece of good colour. It might be difficult to get more interesting thistles than those of No. 280, painted by ROSARIUS, whoever he may be: but they are only thistles after all, and no means within the domain of Art will magnify the down into importance, even although every fibre were as fully represented as in nature. At best, such success would be a display of laborious idleness—and what can it be, when this kind of success is less than half achieved? No. 295, 'Dark and Fair,' by L. J. POTT, is a very good picture of its class, which may also be said of No. 310, 'Sunrise, Monte Rosa,' G. E. HERING, and No. 312, 'Baby's Awake,' by J. D. WATSON. 'Playing at a Queen with a Painter's Wardrobe,' No. 347, J. ARCHER, is far below what we are entitled to expect from this artist, and it is sincerely to be hoped from the multitude of failures this year on painters' wardrobes, that the public has seen the last of them for many years to come, as subjects for their owners. If an artist has a wardrobe, let him have it to himself; but we protest against a lot of old clothes being imitated on canvas, and these imitations being dignified with the name of pictures. No. 351, 'The Old Road—a scene in North Wales,' N. O. LUTON, is smartly painted, in the very "prettiest" style. There are a number of other similar works in this room, but readers are probably as tired as we are of this running reading of the smaller pictures; still, if they are to be noticed at all, there is no other way of overtaking them, and we have at least endeavoured to find out their beauties, rather than their defects, and that is, perhaps, the reason why the results of this cursory glance may read so drily.

Now, however, we return to a portion of the exhibition affording more ample scope for criticism—that portion represented by the entrance hall and west rooms, where academicians do not prefer to hang their own works, and where the line is liberally appropriated to those who send pictures suitable for covering it. Some capital pictures there are, too, and to these we now ask attention. Like others, we are well nigh satiated with 'Elaine' and her surroundings upon canvas, and can most sincerely hope that this young lady will be allowed at least one season's respite, for she has been sadly tortured lately by artistic devotees; we shall, therefore, leave her among the gardens where Sir Lancelot found her, and which Mr. G. DIGHTON has made the subject of his picture, and glance at the sterner subject, and vastly more impressive picture, by Mr. J. DANBY, of 'A Wreck on Exmouth Bar,' No. 388. This picture is hung so far out of sight as to make any close examination of its details impossible, but there is sufficient in the general construction and effect to ensure no small share of attention from all intelligent lovers of Art. The red setting sun throws its lurid light over the vapour-clad horizon, and the wreck is seen dimly stranded on the mid-distant bar. Whether the upper portion of the sky be not too clear for the general tone of the picture may, perhaps, be questioned, and the picture would certainly have been none the worse, had the blue partaken of that dimmed glory which lights up the other portions of this sea-piece; but Mr. Danby does not deal in

"That liberal art which costs no pains,
Of study, industry, or brains;"

so that, even when we desiderate certain qualities of character or tone, his pictures are always honest and successful efforts, produced in an appreciative spirit.

The WILLIAMS family exhibit a number of pictures bearing the family stamp; and Mr. A. F. PATTEN is represented by a subject from the "Arabian Nights," No. 404, which shows

more abundance of colour than of harmonious treatment.

No. 411, 'The Hero of the Day,' F. B. BARWELL. This artist has attached himself to the new sect, and is certainly not the feeblest among the recent adherents to the Pre-Raphaelite brethren. He at least has no chance, for a long time to come, of falling into that maudling groping after refinement so conspicuous in the works of some of his less energetic fellow labourers. The subject will, no doubt, be considered of that class which Mr. Ruskin somewhere has declared to be of the true historical style, that finds its truest development in painting things just as we see them around us. Upon this principle portraiture was asserted to be the true historical painting; and if so, Mr. Barwell, by the production of this picture, ought certainly to find an enviable niche in the temple of Fame; for he has produced a most literal rendering of what may be a popular, but which is withal rather a vulgar, vigorous embodiment of a present every-day scene. 'The Hero of the Day' is one of those patriotic volunteers whose military ardour the weather seems to take every opportunity of attempting to damp, but who, with his companions, have enjoyed, for this once, at least upon Mr. Barwell's canvas, the rarity of a sunny day for the exercise of their skill as marksmen. The hero, who is no doubt a costermonger, from the quality of animal and style of vehicle on which his family is returning from witnessing his success, evidently carries home his prize as proud of his military superiority as the first Napoleon or Wellington would have been of conquering a kingdom. He is evidently on the very best terms with himself, fancying, no doubt, that he is

"Made of better clay
Than ever the old potter, Titian, knew;"

while the wife and the children, one of whom carries the prize, are evidently as proud of their father, as he is of his own exploits. In this respect the story is well told. There can be no objection to the satisfaction, any more than to the general arrangement, of the picture or the working out of the details, which are all good. There is a species of unrefined vigour about the picture, which at least arrests attention; but how much the artist has yet to achieve before he masters the refinement necessary to the production of pleasing pictures, can only be fully seen after this work has been carefully examined. Mr. Barwell has, however, a good share of the true ore in him, and the independent style in which he has displayed it in this 'Hero of the Day' is far more hopeful than if he had adopted the slavery of that 'ism' to which he so evidently leans; and if he will but strive to refrain from seeing nature as through a mere lens, and bring his mind to bear upon what he cannot individually represent, and must therefore strive, with all possible success, to generalize, the picture of the Hero gives promise of yet far more important results from this artist in the walk which he appears to have selected.

Another picture by a young artist, Mr. M. STONE, has also attracted some attention—No. 425, 'Claudio, deceived by Don John, accuses Hero,' from *Much Ado about Nothing*, and it certainly displays some most precocious qualities; for instead of looking like the work of a very young man, it has rather the appearance of being painted with a decision and breadth of touch bespeaking one who had painted on from vigorous style into facile manner. This ripe facility of pencil is at least equalled by adroit dexterity of grouping and disposition of colour, so that, as a whole, this is a most winning and attractive picture. But although the product be such as we have stated, its excellence is based upon some things so utterly false and ultimately destructive, that they must

be pointed out. The first and most cardinal defect, is the total want of reality that pervades both the individual figures and the whole scene. It is the representation of actors on the stage, and has no affinity to the doings and feelings and actions of real life. This may result from various causes, but chiefly perhaps from the kind of study to which too many artists devote themselves. They far too literally believe that all "the world's a stage," and hence it becomes the only world wherein they seek for help in the profession; but there never was a greater fallacy, and it has ruined the prospects of every artist who has been bitten by the delusion. It is perhaps not to be wondered at, because the kind of ideas which the great majority of painters have of their profession do not constrain to intense study, except, perhaps, in facility of imitation; but as to the cultivation of the mind through the means of books bearing upon history and those subjects they mean to paint, that is a waste of thought to which very few indeed are addicted. It is at once more easy and more pleasant to study history from the stage, where the manager does all the thinking, and the actors provide all the "points," than to drudge through musty old volumes treating of events or costume; and it is to this cheap class of representation that Mr. Stone's picture belongs. Young men of this class—and it is all the more necessary when there is such dangerous facility of "getting up" as this young artist displays—would do well to learn the practice of Haydon on such points, which they should engrave on the palms of their hands, that it slip not from their memories or eyesight, because however easily they may secure a reputation for "cleverness," it is only knowledge combined with ability that will enable them to paint worthy pictures; and true pictorial knowledge can never be acquired from the stage. Other points of this picture are also open to remark, as, for instance, the length of the figures being at least half a head too tall, and the want of transparency in colour all through, but especially in the flesh tints; but these may be overcome. When the artist accepts real life as his standard, his other tendencies to conventionalism will probably disappear.

'The Captive's Return,' No. 432, P. R. MORRIS, is a peculiar picture, containing some traces of vigour both in conception and colour, and although displaying nothing absolutely good, yet it shows much from which we are inclined to hope for greater efforts. This is one of those pictures by young men, on which a separate chapter might with ease, and perhaps with profit, be written, going over its details, and showing the tendencies, the shortcomings, or the defects in each, and that would be criticism proper; but neither the public nor present space would tolerate such digging after hidden treasures, and so the artist must be content to accept conclusions, instead of the reasons on which these are founded.

No. 433, 'Land Leben,' W. GALE, is very nicely painted; and the 'Seven Ages,' by G. SMITH, 'The Schoolboy,' No. 435, and 'The Soldier,' No. 437, do most to support the artist's previous reputation, although even these are no improvement on what he has formerly achieved.

'The Border Widow,' W. B. SCOTT, No. 446, is one of those pictures which make earnest lovers of Art faint and sick at heart through sore disappointment, and which makes hope in the future of artists go up "like the crackling of thorns under a pot." Mr. Scott once gave evidence of being an artist of more than ordinary power in the higher walks of history, till he got bitten by that mania which has entombed so many other intellects; and after having gone on from bad to worse, he now appears as the bond-slave of perversion and

most hideous ugliness—the victim at once of that perverted style which seems the necessary end of Pre-Raphaelism, and that revelling in the ugly and horrific from which alone its morbid craving seems able to extract its Art and pleasure-destroying aliment. Well may he and the public sigh for one gleam of that former power which enabled him to produce the 'Bell Ringers,' 'Queen Mab,' and the works of those earlier days when genius rose superior to persistence in this paltry and most wretched conceit of style and subject; and, above all, the people of Newcastle ought not to cease sighing and crying that their youth may be released from those influences which this picture may be supposed to represent. Mr. Scott is teacher of the School of Art under the Department at Newcastle, and has the reputation of being one of the ablest artists connected with those schools; but if this 'Border Widow' embody his ideas of beauty, what can be expected in our additions to the beautiful in design from the pupils so educated? It is painful beyond expression to be compelled to write thus, but the pictures exhibited by the teachers of British youth this year show that the subject cannot be much longer ignored by those interested either within or beyond the walls of parliament; and the whole question of competency of teachers, as evinced from their exhibited works, will soon be forced upon the gravest attention of the nation.

'Warwick Castle,' J. BRETT, No. 451, is another of those unfortunates who is rapidly falling into the same slough of despond from the same cause, and who, in spite of great ability, seems unable to bear up against the paralyzing influence of an overmastering literalism in stone walls, and ugliness in all things living.

'Elaine,' No. 492, H. WALLIS, is worth attention, from its excess of colour, and, to use a popular vulgarism, from its excessive "loudness." But it is not a picture so much as a crude imitation of the more recent style of stained glass, looking as if the artist had no higher aim than to imitate the brightest colours which the sun's rays pouring through the stained medium could produce. That some black velvet and some silk stuffs are tolerably well imitated, is, no doubt, something in the eyes of the devotees of Pre-Raphaelism, and that a flowing profusion of yellow hair is made to appear like hard spun silk, is evidently considered a feat of some importance by the artist; but what all this blaze of inharmonious colour has to do with the smooth, flowing, and quiet description of the poet, or with the elements of a good picture, it would be very hard indeed to determine. Still, the multitude of the ignorant are attracted, just as children are charmed, by the brightness of colours; but such vulgar brilliancies bear the same relation to legitimate colour that the reds, blues, yellows, and greens, on a country girl's dress, bear to the refined dressing of a well-bred lady. The one is all vulgarity and show, the other simplicity and elegance; and painting to the top of a palette is no more good colour than screaming at the top of the voice is good singing. Unfortunately, Mr. Wallis has increasingly become one of the "screaming" colourists, and he is rewarded with a place on the line for his loudness. Whether this be teaching the people wisely requires no answer; but that so many of this class of pictures have secured positions on or near the line this season cannot be ascribed to accident; and it deeply concerns the public to know whether the hanging committee were agreed upon the merits of such works. The 'Young Musician,' &c., of S. SOLOMON, No. 493, is a work of higher finish, and of almost infinitely higher and purer feeling, than either of those just noticed; and although deficient in colour, it is redolent of deep and pious feeling.

No. 511, 'Billingsgate,' G. E. HICKS, has sufficient material and merit to make half a dozen admirable pictures, and highly as we appreciate this work as a whole—and, in many respects, there are few better in the exhibition—yet any one of the ten or twenty sketches from which it has probably been made up, will be each of nearly as much value as itself. There is nothing finer in the gallery than the lad offering to carry the young woman's purchase, in the centre of this picture, and the man offering the money is in action and expression not unworthy of Wilkie, while in all the figures there is a wonderful look of reality and truth; but the general result is by no means equal to the beauty of the details, and this through defective composition and unimpressive colour. The general line of composition is feeble, being weak where it should have been strongest, in the centre of the picture; and there is that want of concentration in the incidents, without which no work can rivet the attention of the spectator. It is all points of nearly equal importance, instead of what may be called, for want of a better expression, the bye-play being made to revolve round one grand leading incident; so that, instead of resting upon the whole with satisfaction, the eye wanders hither and thither over the various groups; and, although delighted with the skill and character displayed in each, the mind does not derive equal satisfaction from the whole. We sincerely wish that we could make Mr. Hicks understand this matter, for he is one of the very best among our young artists—one who, while not grudging labour, has power to clothe it with the radiance of genius, and to whom the knowledge and study of principles and rules would be of unspeakable advantage—not only as concentrating his pictures, but in counteracting that tendency to manner which can be acquired as readily by those who have not been inured to academic styles, as by those who have. Mr. Hicks has another small picture—a lady amusing a child; but with him that female form is becoming conventional, and here, more than in his larger work, is the trace of conventionality perceptible. Nevertheless the 'Billingsgate' is a picture admirable in its points, and one which any collector may rejoice to own.

'What d'ye lack, Madam?' No. 537, J. PETTIE, is a cleverly-painted study of a worthless subject. 'A Lee Shore,' No. 540, W. F. VALLANCE, is a faithful rendering, albeit rather colourless, of the scene; and 549, 'Florentine Sawyers,' F. SMALLFIELD, is far below what the public are entitled to expect from this artist, the upper figure being more like a demon than a man, and the whole more remarkable for bad drawing than for beauty. No. 557, 'Quite as effective as Charlie,' T. J. GULLICK, is a humorous subject extracted out of the Volunteer movement, respectably painted; and the 'Imprisonment at Loch Leven Castle,' A. B. CLAY, No. 565, is a large but not very successful effort in a subject that requires more historic power than Mr. Clay seems to possess; while 'The Sea-Side Visitors,' No. 566, T. F. MARSHALL, is one of those congregations of figures on the beach which have been often painted, and almost always without success, because, like Canning's knife-grinder, they are empty:—

"Story?"

God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir."

is the position of many pictures in this room, and these 'Sea-side Visitors' are among the number. 'Newhaven Fisherman's Cottage,' W. W. NICOL, No. 569, is a work of conspicuous merit, both from its reality, its drawing, and its colour. The "fish-wife" is, perhaps, too intensely real, and the picture would have been improved, had the artist refined the angularities of her face a little; but

the baby is beautiful, and the boy who sits in the window listening to the waves as they moan over the harbour bar, is quite worthy of the best parts of the picture. To us this artist's name is new, but if he continues to paint in the style of this picture, he will soon make for himself a name and place among the better, if not among the best, artists of this country.

No. 581, 'The Arrest of a Deserter,' Miss R. SOLOMON, is a clever picture, and, in all respects, most creditable to the lady artist; but it is not quite equal to 'Peg Woffington,' exhibited by Miss SOLOMON last year, which was an extraordinary picture for character.

No. 589, 'Dr. Jenner's Volunteer,' T. H. MAGUIRE, is a work of great merit, the individual figures showing a rotundity and reality almost stereoscopic, while the character and colour are both creditable. The title is unfortunate in these days, and it would require considerable space to tell the story of the boy who first volunteered to be vaccinated by the great discoverer.

'Doing Business,' No. 601, H. J. STANLEY, is one of the very best works in the exhibition, and shows a wonderful advance, especially in colour, on anything this artist has previously exhibited. The subject is an old Jew selling a crucifix to a Romish priest, and the character of each is cleverly portrayed. The Jew's stall, too, is a picture in itself, and the other accessories are admirably painted.

Always graceful and effective, thoroughly comprehending the capabilities of Art, and ever selecting subjects of large and general interest, Mr. JACOB THOMPSON maintains the high position to which he has risen. His picture, No. 641, 'They have seen better days,' is at once eloquent and impressive, and cannot fail to satisfy all who demand Nature in Art.

'Home from Work,' No. 624, A. HUGHES, is one of the most intense and one of the best specimens of Pre-Raphaelism in the rooms; but the artist owes less to his own inherent vigour than to his recollection of autumn leaves, of which this No. 624 is a mere recollection in colour. Some of the details are carefully painted, and there is good feeling in the face of the child and father; but the former would not have been a whit less kissable, had it been moderately good-looking—nor would the feeling have been less effective, had it been painted with a firmer touch, instead of being stippled in style. This rage for ugliness and stiffness is, however, the cant of the school, and sects are nothing without their shibboleth.

'The Last Reliques of Lady Jane Grey,' No. 631, W. J. GRANT, is a well-painted representation of a most painful subject; and with all our admiration of this artist's ability, already expressed in noticing his 'First Steps,' nothing would induce the acceptance of such a picture, if the price was the penalty of being compelled to look at it every day. Art was never intended to be a minister of horror; and it is rather unfortunate that so many artists seem determined to pervert its influence into this jaundiced groove. They may, however, take this for certain, that no scene from which people would shrink in reality will ever be converted into a means of producing profitable pleasure through their pigments.

Within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant" there has been no exhibition of the Royal Academy so poverty-stricken in great landscapes as the present, and with the exception of a very few pictures, there is little in this department worth notice, and still less worth any detailed criticism. The most important work in this walk is the 'Gathering of the Flocks,' by W. LINNELL, the younger of the two sons; and for many of the high qualities of Art, this picture by this young man has never been surpassed. In largeness of style,

clear depth of colour, and in that combination of poetic feeling with the details of reality, it stands out conspicuous and pre-eminent as the first landscape in the exhibition, and the best of the season in any of the exhibitions; and its production stamps Mr. W. Linnell as one of the few men likely to arrest the evident declension of this branch of Art in England. Mr. JAMES LINNELL also exhibits two landscapes, one called 'May Morning,' which is most careful in detail, but is wanting in concentrated power; the other, which is hung on the floor to make way for some of those wretched daubs which disfigure the line, is to our liking the best of the two—and the sky of this 'Summer's Evening,' No. 580, would have been perfect had the dark clouds across the sun been a little more aerial in colour. The other portions of this picture, including the figures, are painted as the Linnells only can paint such scenes. The next most important landscape in the rooms is Mr. DANBY's 'Shepherd's Home,' No. 375, also most scandalously sacrificed by being hung on the floor. The details and sentiment of this 'Shepherd's Home' are beautiful, although there is a slight want of variety in colour, the presence of which would have added greatly to the value of this very high class picture—at least as matters now go in landscape. Mr. OAKES also exhibits a good landscape, 'A Carnarvonshire Glen,' No. 517, in which the rush of the water down the gorge is magnificently rendered, and a feeling of wild poetry settles over the other parts of the picture, although the light of the rainbow wants luminosity. Mr. MACCALLUM has also two large pictures; the one, 'Spring,' most beautiful in parts, and would have all been excellent had not the morning shadows of some trees cast their stringy, and not very agreeable, forms across the foreground, and had the feeling of photography been less conspicuous on the details of the larger objects. If this artist could throw more mystery over his pictures they would be more impressive, even although that was done by destroying the clearness of the colour, for it is wonderful what even a little dirty colour will sometimes do in bringing a picture into harmony with nature; but this dressing out in span new holiday attire is but seldom seen, nor would it be any improvement if seen often, for there is something far grander in the feeling of rough wear and tear, which betoken old time, than if nature were washed and dressed occasionally as if to enjoy an Easter holiday. Mr. MacCallum's 'Winter' is not equal to his 'Spring,' the snow wanting that crispness so essential to its true rendering.

There is another good landscape, No. 539, 'Still Evening,' B. W. LEADER, where the drawing and feeling are alike conspicuous; but this too is hung above the eye, and in a corner, and it is impossible to believe that all the best, and indeed the only good landscapes in the rooms, should have been thrust by accident into positions, some where they cannot be seen, and none so as to attract the attention of visitors. There is such evident method in this kind of madness, that its uniformity constrains attention even from the easy class of exhibition goers. The inferior class of landscapes, which are mostly placed upon the line, are those that admit of no commendation; and it is no part of our duty to point out defects when no beneficial purpose is to be served thereby. The works of Creswick, Lee, Witherington, and others, have long spoken for themselves, and this year they are as forward as ever to proclaim their own high merits: Mr. Lee has gone far beyond himself in his two 'Gibraltar' pictures.

We have thus, in a few sentences, gone over the few landscapes worth naming; and, what is more disheartening, the younger men, who

two or three years since promised to adorn this department, are either absent, or their works are "down among the dead men," without displaying the same hope of an early rising. Truly, Constable will prove himself to have been a far-sighted seer, and by the end of the predicted thirty years there seems too much the appearance of landscape being extinguished in England as a high and distinguishing branch of national Art. Of course, Stanfield, and Roberts, and W. E. Cooke, and Sidney Cooper, maintain their old positions, and all of them this year justify their well-earned reputations; but the fathers cannot live for ever, and who is there coming forward likely to catch their mantles when they retire from the Art, some of them have so long adorned? This is grave consideration for those who think on such subjects; and there does not seem to be the most distant indication of successors, not to say rivals, to either Roberts or Stanfield, who, however, show no symptoms of age dimming their artistic power. If inclined to be critical, objection might have been hinted respecting the bridge in the large picture by Stanfield, and the upper light on the left hand of Roberts's 'St. Peter'—the one as apparently misplaced, and the other as certainly taking from the size and concentration of effect in the vast structure; but these are minor matters, not worth mentioning in the presence of those other passages which so fully bespeak the genius of these two artists.

There is such ignorance to overcome, and so much prejudice is expended against portraits in exhibitions, that we are almost afraid to encounter opponents whose name is legion; but our business is to speak the truth, and therefore we shall undertake the perhaps thankless task of defending that large, and this year increasing, class of "nobodys," whom ninety-nine out of every hundred exhibition-goers sneer at; and we do this not because these are portraits of the unknown, but because some of them are admirable pictures, and others works of Art eminently creditable to the British school, which, with all its defects, is the best school of portraiture in the world. Whatever a large portion of the English public may think, the present exhibition—and, as we shall see by and by, it is not very strong in high class portraits—could not be equalled by the artists of any other country in either christendom or heathendom, for the artistic merits of those portraits which the thoughtless so much despise; and half the nations of Europe would willingly barter much of what is considered their high Art for the privilege of being able to claim some of those who paint such portraits among their foremost artists. In their ignorance, the English public put such honour from them with a sneer; but, as knowledge advances, public opinion will change, and the more just appreciation of high-class portraits will be one of the surest evidences of national progress in Art. As a whole, the portraits this year are not up to the mark, and the paucity of historical men is one of the most remarkable points in the exhibition. This rather ominous fact furnishes some food for reflection.

It has often been said, and sometimes with justice, that a professional portrait-painter is more likely to make a good portrait than a historical painter, who rarely condescends to exercise his skill on portraiture, and who dwells in the higher region of artistic thought. We admit the truth, so far, for two reasons: first, because a portrait must be an entire picture, and not simply a figure looking like the part of a subject, which historical painters are too apt to make it; and secondly, because, as a rule, practice in any branch produces ease of execution, and every man does that best which he does easiest. For producing a respectable lord mayor, or county magistrate, or even

member of parliament, an accomplished-looking countess, or a gentlemanly *pater-familias*, the leading painters of Britain stand at the head of the world's Art in their department. Then the features of the individual, the gait, and the every-day expression, being all that is there, must of necessity be all that requires transference to canvas. Not so, however, with the nobles of humanity, and creatures of thought. Their outward being is but the index of a mightier development within, which none but those who dwell in the loftier regions of imaginative idealism can appreciate, far less transfer to canvas. It is as true of mind as of water, that it never rises above its own level; and to expect that portrait-painters, however great their capacity for painting portraits of those whose minds they can grasp and measure, are competent to the portraits of those men who stand out as the mental finger-posts of history, is to expect an impossibility which never has been, and never can be realized. In the brightest and palmiest days of Art this appears to have been a fully recognised truth, and the world's greatest artists were called upon to perpetuate the great men of their age. What all Europe did, Britain might, with advantage, attempt to do again. Mere portrait-painting has ever had a tendency to stunt the imagination; it clogged the upward flights of Titian, and chained Reynolds to every-day existence, like an eagle to his cage. Lawrence and Raeburn occasionally degenerated into mere face-makers; and nobody will assert that the portrait-painters of our day are superior to their predecessors. How many men painted John Hunter! and yet only one portrait of that great discoverer conveys to us the slightest idea of the man's mental grasp. The same is true of Dr. Chalmers and Professor Wilson. And why is this? except that each of these portraits was painted by an artist largely imbued with historic power in Art. All three were historical subjects; and true representations of such men necessarily partake more of historical pictures than of mere portraits; and it would be well for the historic men of this generation, and better for the Art of England, if they would lay this inexorable truth to heart.

In the present exhibition, Sir JOHN WATSON GORDON's portrait of Professor Forbes is undoubtedly the greatest of its class, embodying the whole man—body and intellect—with remarkable fidelity and power; although as a mere effort of painting, his head of Smith, of Jordan Hill, No. 9, is perhaps quite as perfect. BOXALL's portrait of Louis Huth, Esq., No. 67, and the Earl of Harrowby, K.G., No. 171, G. RICHMOND, are entitled to respect; while those by KNIGHT, MACNEE, and FRANCIS GRANT fully sustain the reputations of these artists; and, among the portraits, the full-lengths, of course, maintain an important position. But, to make great portraits, artists must have more than ordinary men; and these are sadly absent from this exhibition. Lord Clyde is an exception, and of him Mr. Grant produces his best portrait; while many respectable mayors, lawyers, and worthy citizens, are produced by others. There is a want about the portraits, as a whole, for which the few excellent ones do not compensate: and what is true of gentlemen's portraits is doubly the case with portraits of ladies. Of these there are some fifty in the rooms, and, with almost no exceptions, there is hardly a high-class head among them. They are either smirking dolls, such as no man of sense would marry, or masculine termagants, whom no prudent man would encounter; and we prefer glancing at this difference in quality, to going over unimportant portraits in detail.

No writer on Art has attempted to grapple with this difference between male and female portraiture, and we shall here rather attempt

to state the subject preparatory to discussion, than offer a dogmatic solution of the difficulty.

On looking round the exhibition rooms, no fact becomes more apparent than this—that, as a general rule, the portraits of gentlemen are, beyond comparison, higher specimens of Art than are the portraits of ladies. There are some exceptions, of course, but this is the rule; and for its existence there must be some cause. Among the portraits of gentlemen, for instance, no two are alike; and whether good pictures or daubs, there is throughout a strongly-marked individuality and distinction, which entirely annihilates any fixed and general resemblance; while among the portraits of ladies there are no two of them precisely alike, and yet to each other they have all a strong, and, if we may so speak, a family likeness. Now this general identity is by no means the case in the world among ladies any more than it obtains among gentlemen. As accounting for this general defect in female portraiture, it is often said that woman has naturally less character developed in her face than man, and just as it is more difficult to paint the head of a young man of twenty-five without any peculiarly striking individuality, than to paint a patriarch with the time-created indentations of fourscore, so upon the same principle it is more difficult to paint women with the still less strongly-marked features than are found in young men. There is undoubtedly some truth in this, but touching the matter in hand, it is leaping over instead of solving the difficulty. It is not admitted, as a rule, that ladies have less development of character in their heads than gentlemen. The character is different in kind, but not less strongly-marked in degree, as all may see in every-day life, and as may be particularly seen in the exhibition rooms among the ladies who visit there. Besides, if it were true that in proportion as there were the strong indications of age, for example, we have good portraits, as a necessary consequence we should generally have as many good portraits of grandmamas as of grandpapas. Now, neither is this true in point of fact. In general, portraits of old gentlemen are vastly superior to those of old ladies even when painted by the same artist; although it is true that we have a larger number of good pictures the portraits of matrons above sixty than of young ladies under thirty. This is at least a curious fact, and to some it may seem a startling anomaly. It might be supposed that towards the opposite sex the highest genius, as well as the tenderest feelings, of every man would be drawn out. Fashioned mentally to appreciate the peculiar qualities of woman as necessary to his own complete happiness, and even existence, it might be imagined that the most pleasing development of the beauties of female form, and her mental charms, would be a task at once more grateful and more easy of attainment than the representation of his fellow man. Yet such is not the case, and no remark is more trite than that such and such an artist paints capital portraits of men, but always fails in representing woman. We could mention dozens of artists of whom this is the universally-admitted character; and, therefore, it appears necessary to success in this department that artists should be able to realize, as well as appreciate, the peculiar characteristics of woman. The cause of difficulty in the painting of female portraits must, we presume, be sought for, and it may, perhaps, to a large extent, be found inherent in the artist's own essential nature. None except the highest class of minds have ever succeeded in female portraiture. It is said that Mary descended from the realms of bliss that she might have her portrait painted by the Evangelist Luke; and a Scotch collector, the late Mr. Johnston, supposed he had obtained the wonderful ori-

ginal, encircled by a halo of cupids, the alleged work of Rubens—but the head was by no means calculated to impress the beholder with any profound reverence for St. Luke's inspiration as a portrait painter, although a power or gift approaching that mysterious something is essential to all great artists, and only such can represent woman as she is. Women in their nature are more rarefied, if we may so speak, than men. It seems as if their blood were more refined, and their fibres constructed of a more delicate material; whether arising from physical causes or not, vivacity is to them a gift; sprightliness and joyous gaiety are, as it were, the first atmosphere of their being. A higher standard of refinement, therefore, becomes essential to artists who would successfully embody these characteristics of women upon canvas. But mere refinement, although indispensable, will of itself do but little to put the painter in a higher artistic position. In search of womanly grace many of our distinguished artists appear only to have gone as far as possible from the masculine; and hence, although they have produced the negative of man, they have by no means succeeded in developing the characteristics of woman, which, as many portraits in these rooms show, are attainments by no means identical. In nature, as a general rule, there is no possibility of mistaking the head of a woman, even under the most violent disguises. In portraits, as generally exhibited, there is scarcely a female head painted which, with other accessories, would not equally represent an amiable dandy, or, carried to the other extreme, can be considered as anything nobler than a smirking doll. To refinement must be added the higher qualities of dignity and grace, and he that would successfully represent the highest characteristics of woman in female portraiture must crown even these with a sensitive and high appreciation of the beautiful, not in outward construction only, but in the far higher walk of mental development.

Of the sculpture exhibited we have left but small space to describe, nor is that of so much consequence, because, in spite of the increased and improved accommodation, the quality of sculpture exhibited this season is not up to an average of former years. Here, as among the female portraits, there is not a high-class female head exhibited, and the busts of gentlemen are not conspicuous for their perfection. The small statue of 'Oliver Goldsmith,' by Foley, the 'Girl and Dog,' by Durham, and one or two medallions, exhaust the attractions among the smaller works; and Durham's statue of 'Frank Crossley, M.P.,' a bust of the same gentleman, and Noble's head of 'Cromwell,' with Fuller's 'Constance,' are literally all that attract attention. It is to be expected that MacDowell, Marochetti, Behnes, Bacon, Munro, and a host of others, will produce respectable works of Art; but it would be no compliment to such men to dwell on these respectabilities, and there does not appear to be any other work which clearly stands out from its surroundings by its excellence. This is a state of things that almost warrants the neglect to which sculpture has hitherto been doomed.

In taking leave of the exhibition, we do so with the conviction that much, very much ability has been overlooked, or, rather, left unnoticed; but also with the consciousness that however disagreeable our strictures may have been to individual artists, we have attempted honestly to see the best parts of pictures, and when the overlooking of glaring defects has been impossible, that we have neither willingly hidden the truth, nor "ought set down in malice." To answer the natural question, What is the result? was our earnest desire, but space is exhausted, and each must attempt to gather up the right conclusion for himself.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

WAAGEN says that the greater proportion of the works of the ancient masters are in this country; and from what we remember to have seen brought forward in the British Institution during a long series of annual exhibitions, it is most probable that he is right. With a few remarkable works that have been exhibited more than once, there is year by year an ample catalogue of pictures that are either entirely new to the visitor, or that may not have been publicly seen for many years. The wealth of the country may be roughly estimated by these exhibitions, but the verification of the fact could only be effected by such a research as was made by Dr. Waagen. Every school is represented, and what will be especially interesting to English painters, there is in the South Room a grand display of portraits by Reynolds. We commence, however, in the North Room, with a 'Noli me Tangere,' by Baroccio (No. 1), which is extremely vulgar both in its personal conception and colour; it is without the stiffness, but has none of the delicacy, of his great work, 'The Descent of the Saviour into Limbo.' In Fra Angelico's 'Death of St. Francis,' the multitude of figures is admirably painted, but there is no attempt to sustain the composition; the buildings are not unlike those of the modern Assisi. The 'Predella' (No. 7), in three compartments, may be by Massaccio; it may, indeed, be a sketch for a larger work, but the figures have none of the breadth and presence which we find, for instance, in that 'St. Paul' that even Raffaele found good enough to plagiarise. We cannot pass Nicolas Poussin's (No. 22) 'Landscape, with St. John,' although it does not come well together; it has passages that never have been surpassed in dignity of suggestion. But this class of work is not that which has made his great reputation; it was his Promethean thefts from the Greeks. No. 23, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' is one of the Warwick Vandykes, in perfect preservation; the Vandykes at Warwick Castle are superior to those at Dresden, and equal to the Petworth pictures: it is dated 1630. No. 24 is a 'Landscape, with Chateau and Gipsies,' by Teniers; a notable piece of local portraiture, so precise in all its details that every touch seems to have been prompted by the place itself; but this is not the kind of composition whereby the reputation of Teniers lives. There are also by him (No. 48), 'A Marriage Festival,' and (No. 94), 'A Village Festival,' but such works do not afford opportunities for the colour, character, and effects which he produced in his interiors, between which and these out-door merry-makings there is so little relation that they scarcely appear to have been executed by the same hand. With the large collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures at Madrid there are many of the choicest works of Teniers.

No. 28, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' by Moroni, from the Warwick collection, is a splendid example of Venetian daylight painting—we mean of painting the face in a broad light, without strong markings, as Titian painted all his female heads. Never was a picture of the middle of the sixteenth century in finer condition. The very careful drawing of the face does justice to the teaching of Moroni's master, Il Moretto. The background is grey, and the figure is opposed to it with black velvet and strong colours: but from the ungraceful pose chosen by the artist, the lower part of the figure does not well balance the upper. Another admirable portrait, by the same hand, is No. 55, that of 'Bartholomæus Bongus,'—the name might be set down as a pseudonym, were it not that the painter has inscribed it on the

canvas with the style and offices of the bearer. This picture is the property of Lord Taunton; pity the two do not hang in the same gallery, so perfect in condition, so minutely individual, so profoundly Dutch in finish. But there is no grandeur in the style; it speaks of little passions. Look at No. 36, 'Portrait of a Nobleman,' by the Hidalgo Diego Velasquez; there is only the head, and a head very like that of Velasquez himself, so like it to that grand portrait that hangs with those of Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, and Jordans, on one side of the second portrait room in Florence. We see only the head, but it suggests a person of noble and imposing figure. Of Rembrandt we are reminded by (No. 44) 'A Woman looking from a window,' and sufficiently plain she is to recall Rembrandt's contempt of both masculine and feminine beauty. There is more careful painting than usual, and the glazes are more transparent; the lady has sat to Rembrandt more than once. In No. 123, 'Portrait of an Old Lady,' we find one of his best female studies, which would serve as a very suitable pendant to Lord Overstone's picture. She wears a dark dress, and holds a Bible in her hand, and round her neck is one of those stiff round ruffs that separates the head from the body, placing the former as if on a white trencher. But it is a remarkable picture; these valuable old women seem to have favoured Rembrandt alone. In No. 49, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' we have another Vandyke—a half-length in black armour. The head is a most interesting study, worked, not as we now-a-days paint portraits, but pictures. The lace and ruffles are grey, as if intended for mourning; we can scarcely suppose that they have been thus subdued to obviate competition with the face and hand, for of the latter there is the customary useless display.

No. 50, 'View of Bentheim Castle,' is an example of Ruysdael, with much more of nature than in his *ad libitum* compositions; it is a given natural subject, in which, to secure identity, he has been obliged to follow a local colour much more genial than that opaque black wherewith he has saddened so many of his best works. No. 53, 'The Wife of Rubens,' is the Marlborough picture of the lady we all know so well; but we have always felt in this portrait that the expression which Rubens meant for a smile has fallen into a leer. 'The Doge of Venice Marrying the Adriatic' (No. 68), is the most elaborate Canaletto we have ever seen. No. 85 is 'A Village Fair,' Ostade; but here, as with Teniers, Ostade is feeble in comparison with his interior scenes. No. 86, 'Landscape and Cows,' is a captivating little picture by Cuyper; and next to it (No. 87) is a 'Moonlight,' by Van der Neer, minutely painted. No. 90, 'The Stadtholder Henry, his Secretary, De Witt, his Daughter-in-law, the Princess Royal of England, Wife of William, Prince of Orange, &c.,' by Gonzales Coques, is a curious imitation of Rubens, with three of the figures staring the visitor out of countenance; the lady, by the way, is she of whom Macaulay made a convenience to win his wager for making a rhyme to porringer—

"King James a daughter Mary had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her.
I've won my bet—I claim the stakes,
I've made a rhyme to porringer."

No. 95, 'Portrait of a Divine,' A. Dürer, has not the accepted characteristics of the works of Dürer; it is more like the production of a follower of Holbein. 'A Garden Scene' (No. 96), Watteau, is a small picture with only one or two figures. Although all the best Watteaus are in this country, we rarely see any of them. Until recently there was but one in the Louvre. No. 77, 'A Garden Scene, with figures,' P. de Hooge; a very carefully

finished picture of a house and garden, and a party playing at nine-pins: it is clearly a memento of place and persons. In No. 111, 'Seaport,' Claude, may be seen illustrated the principle so continually put in practice by Turner—that of focussing together his strongest light and dark. No. 115, 'Interior of a Cathedral, with figures,' P. Neefs and Franks, is an example of that architectural painting which, in its day, was pronounced unsurpassable; but accustomed as the eye now is to turn from all hard edges, we feel nothing to be harsher than the vaulting lines of Neef's architecture. Vanderwerf's 'Paris and Enone' (No. 119) are both too old; that hard-featured dame is not the woman to have written that tender epistle that moves all hearts towards poor Enone. The 'Girl's Head' (No. 118), by Greuze, has all the artist's freshness of tint, but it is fearfully out of drawing.

The South Room administers a refresher in respect of our own school, and it is enough that the principal pictures are by the hand of Reynolds. It is only at long intervals that we see such a collection of portraits by Sir Joshua as are now exhibited; and if at times there are more than usual, it is rare to find such precious examples of our great master. When we look at these, and remember that his life was spent in doing such as these, we are struck with surprise that, in this kind of practice, he should have acquired such an amount of knowledge as he shows in his lectures. But it is that extent of acquisition that has enabled him to vary his compositions, inasmuch that no two resemble each other. From the collection of the Queen, there is 'The Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester'—a priceless gem; and near that (No. 169), 'Frances, Marchioness Camden,' with a face charming in everything; but the neck seems to have been injured in cleaning. In 'Lord Richard Cavendish' (No. 170), Reynolds breaks a lance with Titian, and clearly wins the guerdon; the features are full of language, which those of Titian are not; the expression even of the hand coincides with the firmness of the face; but in Titian's portraits the cordage of the cheeks says nothing, and the hands say less. 'Mrs. Peter Beckford' (No. 183), 'Mary, Duchess of Ancaster' (No. 184), and 'Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire,' are three of the most noble portraits that ever were painted. The coiffure of the time—the most hideous, by the way, that ever disfigured the human head—assisted Reynolds in giving grace to his figures, without the risk of making the heads look small. It would not be just to exalt Reynolds at the expense of other men of much more extensive reputation, only it must be said that there exist no works of their class so entirely satisfactory as these, and others of the series to which they belong, that in the days of their execution were portraits, but are now become pictures. There is also (No. 203) the famous 'Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire, and her Daughter, Lady Georgiana,' 'Lord Ligonier,' 'William, Duke of Devonshire,' 'The late Duke of Hamilton,' &c. The portrait of Sir George Beaumont is the only one that shows any of those errors of judgment into which Reynolds fell in his use of pigments and vehicles. On this portrait he has bestowed great pains; he intended it for one of his best studies; but he has gone over the blue coat with asphaltum, which has torn up the colour down to the raw canvas; the same with the face—it is a network of cracks. Besides these and other works by Reynolds, there are pictures by Morland, Gainsborough, Leslie, Opie, Hoppner, Lely, De Loutherbourg, Wilson, and others; but, on entering the room, we see nothing but Reynolds.

"THE EXHIBITION
OF THE
GERMAN ACADEMY OF ART."

We copy this title as it appears on the catalogue; we know the schools of Berlin, Munich, and Düsseldorf, but what is the "German Academy of Art?" There are a few good names in the list, such as Stille, Begas, Drake, Steffek, &c., but the works by which they are represented are not of their best; and it is not fair to Germany and its professors, for many of whom we have the highest admiration, to produce a collection like this in representation of German Art. A few of the animal pictures and landscapes have a certain degree of merit, but knowing the quality of a catalogue of pictures that have this year been rejected at the Royal Academy, we venture to say that there is not a figure picture in the collection that would win, by its own merits, a place on these inestimable walls. We are accustomed yearly to see many of the very finest minor productions of the French school, and the works of our own painters are, in especial departments, superior to all others, and generally second to none; it is, therefore, a costly error to exhibit in London a catalogue of one hundred and twenty works of Art, the bulk of which is, to speak mildly, of questionable merit. By Professor Steffek there is (No. 1), 'Equestrian Portraits of their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince of Prussia and Princess Royal of England;' and by the same, 'The Quitzows,' showing the pillage of the country round Berlin by the 'Quitzows,' who were marauding Prussian barons of days gone by. By the same, 'Sorrowing Maternity,' a mare standing over her dead foal, is perhaps the best picture in the collection. No. 31, 'The Villa d'Este, Tivoli, near Rome,' Professor Heyden, is broad and effective, but scenic and unreal. No. 33, 'Hungarian Horses at Play,' T. Schmittson, an entire herd of horses chasing a couple of dogs: painted with spirit, but the action of the animals is, in many cases, not easily intelligible. 'Italian Boys with a Monkey,' Ewald (No. 41), has the feeling and manner of the French school; but it is even more loose than the most sketchy exertations seen in the *Champs Elysees*. 'The Boar Hunt,' Arnold (No. 112), has certain points of force, but it seems to challenge comparisons with *Snyders*. A 'Farm-house,' Bennewitz Von Loefen (No. 22), a very simple subject; the ground perspectives and water are painted with knowledge and observation, but in the drawing of the trees there is a great abuse of colour, and no knowledge of foliage painting. 'Landscape' (No. 40), by the same painter, seems to be a pendant to the preceding; and, as in that, the perspective and broken surface of the ground is the pith of the description. There is a sketch by the late Professor Stille, called 'Tristan and Isolde,' the argument of which (from an old German legend) is an accusation laid against Tristan and Isolde by Auktrath, before King Mark. It is clearly a sketch for a large picture, and is dramatic enough, but without any of the beauty that distinguishes other works by Stille. Another sketch by the same artist is that for a picture in the possession of the King of Prussia, setting forth the proclamation of Torismund, on the field of battle, as the successor of his father. 'Loading Hay by a Canal,' Bennewitz Von Loefen, an extremely bald piece of material, seems to have been taken up as a *tour de force*, to show that there is something in sharp and strong opposition; it is entirely a painter's sketch, for there is nothing to invite the eye of the amateur. 'A Landscape, with Cattle, St. Mary's, Jersey,' H. Esche (No. 98), is one of the best compositions in the collection; but it is entirely French, and quite as creditable as the well-reputed French pictures of its class. Another animal picture (No. 91), 'Cattle at the Brook, in the Forest of Fontaine,' E. Ockel, is proposed as a light picture, whereas the preceding is low in tone; and a comparison of these two shows the much greater difficulty of dealing with light than with middle tone, according to the conventional treatment of the French painters, which always secures accordance with one valuable principle of Art. The best works of the German schools are their figure compositions, but here the most creditable productions are the landscapes and animal subjects.

THE "HISTORICAL EXHIBITION"
OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING.

At the house of the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi, has been held, for the benefit of the Female School of Art, an exhibition of water-colour drawings showing the condition of the art a century ago, and its progress during the last hundred years. It is true that in the days of Elizabeth miniature-painting was carried by Hillyard, the Olivers, Hogkings, and Cooper to a degree of excellence that has never since been surpassed; that art, as it was then practised by Englishmen, was the envy and admiration of contemporary foreign artists: but from this our modern water-colour cannot claim descent, for the extinction of that school of miniature and its brief posterity was followed by an interlude of obscurity ultimately dispelled only by foreigners. When we look at the early drawings of even some of the best originators of the art, we cannot help giving them limitless credit for faith and hope beyond their fellow men for persevering in a practice—it could not yet be called an art—so ungrateful in its results. In the first catalogues of the Royal Academy, contributions were exhibited as "stained drawings." If water-colour "painting" were considered an unwarrantable term as applied to these essays, certainly that in the Academy Catalogue is unassuming enough. But there must have been encouragement for the new art even in the infancy of the Academy, for the unsold works were then the exceptions—they were asterisked, and the stars were really very few. The thinly washed rustic studies, with trees having masses of foliage with crisp curly outlines, look easy enough to have allured battalions of amateurs to take lessons. And so it was, for the art improved, and its professors grew in numbers. A few exemplars of the water-colour painting of that time would not tempt us to inquire into their history, but when we see in the exhibitions of our day works that not only vie with oil in depth and richness, but win deservedly the plaudits of every European school—when we contemplate such results, and see them side by side with mementoes of the infancy of the art—when we thus see the first and the last with so little in common between them, and such a vast hiatus to be accounted for before we can understand that the last has any family relation with the first,—then it is that we desire to know something of the adolescence of an art which in a hundred years has developed itself into a maturity so splendid. Who, only twenty years ago, ever could have dreamt that these venerable ladies—the Madonnas of the Florentine schools—could have had such a *renaissance* as they have experienced at the hands of a few eccentric enthusiasts? There would in water-colour art be nothing more extraordinary in the sudden formation of a sect of Pre-Sandbyites than there is in oil-painting in the institution of an association of Pre-Raphaelites. Think of a minute subdivision of the profession ignoring the experience of a century, the whole life of water-colour painting, and going back to what was modestly called "paper-staining" a century ago! But to turn at once to the drawings that suggest these thoughts, we have by Paul Sandby (b. 1725, d. 1809)—who was R.A., by the way—'Llandaff Cathedral,' 'Palace at Eltham,' 'In Hyde Park,' 'Carnarvon Castle,' 'The Pillion,' and a 'View from Shenstone's Leasowes.' In some of these there is no feeling for the picturesque, as in the first two, for instance; they look as if they had been made for engraving; they are carefully drawn—sharp, edgy, and very thinly tinted with Indian ink and yellow ochre—and it is curious to observe how studiously all allusion to *green* herbage and foliage is avoided. All that is light is yellow; all that is dark is brown. The eyes of these professors must have been so saturated with the "brown trees" and works of the "great" landscape-painters that they looked at our fresh nature through a brown lens. Richard Wilson lived a hundred years too soon; to their eyes his verdure was what saw-sharpening is to a fine ear.

Among much that is feeble in the early part of the catalogue, we find two drawings by a man who stands in immediate relation with Turner, that is, John Cozens; the names of the drawings are, 'View in the Island of Elba,' and 'Pic du Midi,

Pyrenees,' and these are the first indications we see here of anything like grandeur of conception. The scenes are mountainous, and were it not that the colour dates them—the grey—they are good enough for the present day. When Turner saw Cozens' drawings, they suggested more force and substance to his own. Following these, we have drawings by Louthborough, Hearne (b. 1744, d. 1817), Edridge (b. 1768, d. 1821), Crome (b. 1769, d. 1821), and in No. 29, 'Jedburgh Abbey,' we come to John Girtin (b. 1775, d. 1802)—Turner was born in the same year—and No. 15, 'St. Alban's Abbey,' is an example of his work at, perhaps, twenty years of age, about the same time that Girtin executed his, and there is a similarity between the two drawings—indeed, Turner was always flattered when his works were pronounced to be like those of "his friend John." Of these two men, Girtin was assuredly the leader; but he died at the age of twenty-seven. Had he lived, it is impossible to say whether he would have maintained the lead in the face of the endless toil to which Turner subjected himself. Other works by Girtin are—'Cottages near Newcastle,' and 'St. Asaph's, Cornwall.' There are examples of Turner's first and last manners. He is said to have first practised the wiping out of the lights, and to have thereby produced some startling effects. We observe traces of this in works of the young time of John Varley and others; but as yet the resource was employed with timidity and irresolution. By Turner there are also 'Corfe Castle' (1792), and 'Waterfall' (1795); 'Tintern Abbey,' dated 1793, but certainly later, for Turner was then only nineteen; 'Easby Abbey,' very grand; and later works, as 'Tivoli,' 'St. Alban's Abbey,' &c. By John Varley (b. 1777, d. 1842) there are two views of Conway, 'Knarborough Castle,' 'The Welsh Coast,' 'Bedgelert Bridge,' 'Frognall, near Hampstead'—all very vigorous, but none so luminous as some of those last Claude-like compositions of his long life—all light and air, obtained by washing each drawing twelve or fifteen times. Then we have Glover, and poor Robson—whose father, a wine merchant in Durham, turned his back upon him, because he would be an artist—and Havell, and all the recently departed, and those who yet linger, having something more to do before they depart—those who signalized themselves as having originated something that assisted to shed on our water-colour art the lustre which so eminently distinguishes it; and David Cox—who was not ashamed to acknowledge having passed portions of his life as blacksmith, itinerant scene-painter, and harlequin—Copley Fielding, W. Hunt, J. D. Harding, De Wiut, Prout, George Cattermole, David Roberts, John Lewis, and others whose drawings are always conspicuous, wherever they may be seen.

To the readers of the *Art-Journal* it is scarcely necessary to state that there are two societies of water-colour painters. The senior was established in 1802, but the "New Society" was not instituted until 1832. The first members of the elder association were—G. Barrett, J. Cristall, W. J. Gilpin, J. Glover, W. Havell, R. Hills, J. Holworthy, J. C. Nattes, F. Nicholson, W. H. Pyne, S. Rigaud, T. Shelley, J. Varley, C. Varley, and W. F. Wells. Neither Turner nor Girtin appear here; the former was, in 1802, elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and Girtin was dead.

There are in the exhibition two hundred and eighteen drawings, whence it will be understood that we have only in this brief notice named certain men who have introduced principles and practices, which have now been tested by the experience of half a century. The catalogue records the names of several foreigners, as Cipriani, Louthborough, Serres, Francis, Pugin, and one or two others; but their methods were not English, and when it was, they contributed nothing to advance the art. It would have been extremely difficult to have procured examples of all the contemporary living men, even whose names we cannot here mention; nor would that be necessary, as the most interesting passages of the history of the art are found during the embarrassments of its obscurity. Besides, the living school is well known: it is the past on which the public desire enlightenment. The proceeds of the exhibition go to assist the building fund of the Female School of Art, and it is to be hoped that the aid will be worthy of the effort.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART XIII.—THE GALLERIES BORGHESE AND CHIGI.



At an angle, one side of which faces the Via di Fontinella, and another the Piazza di Spagna, stands the PALAZZA BORGHESE, one of the largest and finest mansions in Rome, belonging to the illustrious family whose name it bears: one of its members, in the person of the Cardinal Camille Borghese, was elected to fill the papal chair in 1605, under the name of Paul V. He evinced great interest in the Arts, and during his pontificate numerous important structures were erected in the imperial city. The Borghese Palace was commenced by Cardinal Dezzi, in 1590, from designs by Martino Longhi, and completed by the pope, or, more properly, by his nephew, the Cardinal Scipion, from the designs of Flaminio Ponzio. The building is of an angular form, and rather singular, something of the shape of a harpsichord; hence it is sometimes called the "Harpsichord of Borghese;" yet the grand court is a perfect square. Two galleries of open porticoes and a Corinthian attic give the edifice a magnificent appearance: ninety-six columns of oriental granite support the two galleries; the columns of the lower tier are Doric, those of the upper Corinthian. The entrance to the apartments, twelve in number, in which the pictures hang, is underneath the lower tier; they occupy the entire ground-floor of the palace.

The BORGHESE collection is the richest private gallery in Rome; it is open daily to the public, catalogues are provided, and every facility for examination, study, and even copying, is afforded. The paintings, about seven hundred in number, are arranged in chronological order, so that the visitor, as he passes from one chamber to another, sees the whole history of the art since its revival, developed before him, from the earliest Florentine artists to the

latest Flemish. Of the seventy-one examples in the first room, the most notable are—a 'Madonna and Child, with a Choir of Angels,' by Sandro Botticelli, graceful in design and vivid in expression; a 'Madonna and Child,' by Perugino; a similar subject by Francia, both exhibiting profound religious feeling; a portrait of Savonarola, by Filippo Lippi; a 'Madonna, Child, and Infant St. John,' attributed to Lorenzo di Credi, and a curious little portrait, said to be of Raffaele, and painted by himself, when young: it certainly bears some resemblance to what he might be supposed to have been in his early years, but its authenticity is altogether doubtful.

The second room contains several specimens of Garofalo's pencil; by far the most important is 'The Taking down from the Cross:' it is a large composition, very carefully executed, and, generally, well coloured. 'Circe,' by Dosso Doasi, his contemporary, is an excellent example of the fanciful compositions which that artist not unfrequently sent forth. A picture of the martyr St. Stephen, by F. Francia, merits especial attention as an excellent example of this early painter: the face is youthful and most expressive of religious feeling, and the colour, generally, is rich and deep. In this room are Raffaele's celebrated 'Taking down from the Cross,' and his 'Portrait of Caesar Borgia,' described in a preceding paper on the works of this great painter (Vol. vi., p. 262).

In the third room is Correggio's famous 'Danae,' a fine picture as regards the highest qualities of Art, but of such questionable taste that one marvels it should have come from the hand of him whose heads of the Saviour, Madonnas, saints, and martyrs, and whose numerous altar-pieces, are impressed with the utmost devotional feeling.

The 'CUMÆAN SYBIL,' by Domenichino, engraved on the next page, is a noble specimen of ideal portraiture with reference to design and expression, but the colouring is indefinite and not pure: the head, arrayed in its oriental turban, is very fine, the upturned eyes are brilliant and inspired, the bust is beautifully modelled, and throughout there is a feminine elegance and refinement surpassed by few painters of any age or time. It is the only picture in the fourth room demanding especial notice.

The fifth room contains Domenichino's 'DIANA AND HER NYMPHS,' engraved on this page; both this and the 'Cumæan Sybil' were painted



DIANA AND HER NYMPHS.

for the Cardinal Borghese. Diana is presumed to be on a hunting excursion,—some critics call the picture the 'Chase of Diana,'—several of the goddess's attendant nymphs are shooting at a mark similar to a popinjay used by our ancestors in their sports; others are bathing in the stream in the foreground; others, again, have the dogs in charge; and in the middle distance two nymphs are bearing onwards a dead hart or kid. Diana occupies a prominent position, almost in the centre of the picture, and appears by her attitude to be addressing the marksmen, to coin a word for the occasion, one of whom has brought down the bird from the top of the pole. This group of figures is very animated, and their actions are natural and definable. The composition throughout is most spirited, but there is an entire absence of grace, and few of the faces have any pretension to refinement, much less to beauty.

The sixth and seventh rooms may be passed over without comment, except

to mention a picture of 'Judith Praying before she murders Holofernes,' by Elizabeth Sirani, of whom we shall have to speak presently; the eighth contains two clever battle-pieces by Bourguignon, a good landscape by Salvator Rosa, and a group of cows in a meadow by Paul Potter.

On the walls of the ninth apartment are the frescoes with which Raffaele decorated the house traditionally known as the "Casino of Raffaele," now called the Villa Olizati: we use the word "traditionally," because it seems to be very doubtful whether Raffaele ever resided in it; and equally doubtful is his execution of these works, which are now supposed to have been copied from his designs and those of other painters. The subjects of the paintings are taken from mythological and Grecian history. Four portrait medallions are said to represent the Fornarina.

The tenth apartment is dedicated to the Venetian school, and contains examples of Titian, Paul Veronese, Giorgione, Bassano, Pordenone, and others.

First in importance is Titian's celebrated picture of 'Love, Sacred and Profane,' a subject akin to Leonardo da Vinci's 'Modesty and Vanity' described in page 101 *ante*. Two females are seated beside a fountain in which Cupid is sporting: one is fully draped in a rich Venetian costume, white, with red sleeves; her hands are gloved, and she holds in the right a bouquet of flowers, the left rests on a vessel deep and covered: her face is sweet but sedate in expression, as if deeply meditating. The other figure is unclothed, a crimson robe falls over her back, and a white girdle encircles the loins: the vessel by her side is shallow and open—free to all comers: a censer is in her left hand. The face of this female is very beautiful and delicate; it is turned towards her companion with an expression of winning loveliness. It has been observed that Titian has made a mistake in giving the palm of beauty to the "strange woman," if he intended to inculcate a moral lesson by his work, for she must become the victor over her modest but less captivating rival. In the distance

is a rich, luxurious landscape. It is a glorious picture in design, manner, and colour. 'The Three Graces,' or rather 'Venus with two attendant nymphs arming Cupid,' by the same master, is another fine work, but far less brilliant in colour than the preceding. Giorgione's 'David with the head of Goliath,' is rich in tone and striking in expression. 'St. John preaching in the Wilderness,' by Paul Veronese, is attractive for its fine colouring and the effective arrangement of the grouped figures. A 'Madonna and Child,' by Gian Bellini, or, at least, attributed to him, is very beautiful in the expression of both faces; and the portrait of Pordenone, by himself, is a good example of this pleasing painter.

Of the pictures most deserving of notice in the eleventh room the following may be pointed out:—'St. Anthony preaching to the Fishes;' the composition as a whole is singular, and the figure of the saint undignified, but there is some excellent painting in the work. Pordenone's group of his own family proves that in the softness and pureness of his flesh tints he was scarcely surpassed by



THE CYPRIAN SYBIL.

Titian. Jacopo Palma's (Vecchio) 'Madonna and Saints' has great beauty; the faces are life-like and very sweet. Bonifazio was a mannerist and often very insipid, but he had an agreeable mode of treatment, and the arrangement of his figures is skilful and animated. There are two specimens of his works here, 'Christ answering the Mother of Zebedee's Children,' and 'The Return of the Prodigal,' the former is the better of the two. A small picture of 'The Holy Family,' by Innocenzo da Imola, one of Francia's scholars, and afterwards a follower of Raffaele, shows the influence of both masters; of the former in its expression, and of the latter in the style of composition.

The twelfth and last room contains about forty pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, including a few by the early German painters: the most noticeable are 'The Crucifixion,' and 'The Entombment,' both by Van Dyck, works of great merit, but certainly much inferior to others from the same hand; a noble sea-piece by Backhuysen, and in his best manner; 'Cows in a Meadow,'

by Paul Potter, a good picture, but in bad condition; 'The Visitation of St. Elizabeth,' by Rubens, a repetition of one of the siderals in his famous 'Descent from the Cross'; a capital portrait of Mary de Medici, by Van Dyck, three or four portraits by Holbein, and one of Louis VI., of Bavaria, attributed to Albert Durer.

The Borghese collection of pictures has been valued at six millions of francs, equal to £24,000; perhaps the estimate is not too high, if we remember that there are in it not a few of the best works of the greatest painters of past ages. The collection of sculptures was also the finest, perhaps, in any private European gallery; but at the commencement of the present century the first Napoleon bought of his brother-in-law, the then Prince Borghese, for the sum of fourteen million of francs, £56,000, the entire gallery, which contained a large portion of the statues now in the museum of antiquities in the Louvre.

The PALAZZA CHIGI stands on the northern side of the Piazza da Spada: it

derives its name from a Siennese family settled in Rome, of whom the founder was Agostino Chigi, the famous banker, and the friend of Raffaele: some allusion was made to him in a former paper when writing of the great painter. The edifice was commenced in 1526 by the immediate descendants of Agostino, from the designs of Giacomo della Porta, and completed by Carlo Maderno. The nephews of Fabio Chigi, who was pope under the title of Alexander VII., resided here in the seventeenth century, and added to its splendour; but it is now in so dilapidated a condition as to present only a sad spectacle. The entrance is guarded by a noble antique, a dog, similar to that at the Vatican, but, perhaps, superior in execution; in one of the antechambers are two singular sculptures by Bernini; on a cushion, or pillow of stone, lies a young child, just awaked from sleep, and crying: this figure is intended to symbolise Life: on a similar cushion is a human skull, emblematical of Death. The third chamber contains three antique statues, of Parian marble, a Venus, found in the gardens of Mount Caelius; an Apollo, presumed to have been

executed in the time of Hadrian; and a Mercury, the head of which seems to be of comparatively modern workmanship.

The picture collection numbers about two hundred and fifty paintings, but there are not, probably, more than fifty worthy of being placed in a gallery of Art. Among these may be pointed out—'St. Pascal, St. Anthony, and St. Cecilia,' by Garofolo, a follower of Raffaele: it is a large canvas, powerful in colour, but manifesting the absence of expression which most of his larger works exhibit; his easel pictures are by many degrees his best. 'St. Francis,' by Guercino, is spirited in execution. 'John the Baptist drinking at a Fountain,' by Caravaggio, has too little of the feeling of what sacred art should show to be acceptable, yet it is bold in design, and well coloured. 'St. Bruno,' by Francesco Mola, a French artist who studied in the school of Bologna, is another picture excellent in colour, and vigorously painted. A battle-piece, by Salvator Rosa, is, as a whole, as fine a work as any in the collection; the combatants are Greeks and Trojans. Less finished than the great battle-scenes



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, AND INFANT ST. JOHN, IN A GARLAND.

in the Louvre, it is broadly painted, as if intended for a first idea or sketch vigorously carried out: the action of the groups, the distribution and tone of the colours, are most appropriate to the subject, and are, in all respects, admirable.

In the third apartment is the sketch for the large picture of 'St. Romualdo among the Friars of his Order,' in the Vatican, one of the best works of Andrea Sacchi; and the 'Blessed Bernardo Tolomei of Siena,' by the same master. Sacchi, like Mola, studied in the school formed by Albano at Bologna, and also at Rome, and was one of his most successful pupils. In the fourth chamber the most remarkable picture is one sometimes called a 'Pietà,' and sometimes 'THE VIRGIN IN A GARLAND'; it is engraved on this page: it was for a long time, and still is by some critics, attributed to Guido, but the prevailing opinion now assigns it to Elizabeth Sirani, the daughter and pupil of Giovanni Sirani, who studied under Guido. The name and works of this highly-gifted lady are little known in England; she was born at Bologna in 1638, and though she died at the early age of twenty-six, she painted, according to Malvasia, who enumerates them, not fewer than one hundred and fifty pictures

and portraits, many of the former of a large size—altar-pieces in fact—and all executed with great care. Her compositions are bold, the drawing is correct, and the colouring tender and very harmonious. The best of her most important works are in the churches of Bologna, but her favourite subjects were Madonnas and Magdalens, to which she gave the most expressive and beautiful character; such, for example, is the picture in the Chigi Gallery: the action of the figures is true to nature, and the face of the Virgin mother is sweet and pensive. The garland of flowers is full of subject, brilliantly painted.

There are, in the Chigi Palace, a few paintings, by early Italian artists, worth looking at: a portrait of Andrea Mantegna, by himself; the 'Infant Christ,' a fresco, by Filippo Lippi, the younger; 'The Adoration of the Magi,' by Mazzalino da Ferrara, finished almost like a miniature. In the upper rooms, those inhabited by the family, and closed against strangers, are some fine sketches by Giulio Romano, Bernini, Andrea Sacchi, and others. The love of letters and the arts is hereditary in the Chigi family; the library and collection of ancient manuscripts are valuable and extensive.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

WORKS OF JOHN GIBSON, R.A.*

It is we are likely to forget, the fact, we are but too seldom reminded, by the exhibition of his works among us, that there is at Rome a countryman of our own, who, by universal consent, is exalted even to an eminence among the most distinguished sculptors of our time. He has lived in Rome forty years, and we know that he has been during that time unremittingly laborious; yet when the sum of his labours comes before us in the shape of an imperial folio volume, with upwards of one hundred engravings from his works (some, it is true, different views of the same group or statue), we are surprised at the result—surprised that during such a period there should have been so little waste of life—so much is there of gold, so little of dross.

We have always known Mr. Gibson as an enthusiastic student of Greek Art, and before opening this series we knew what we should not find therein. There are no compromises between the veritable severities of the antique and any fashion of modern costume. It was a defiant assumption to present Huskisson to his surviving friends as the Greeks were wont to reproduce their statesmen and philosophers, and with greater breadth and generosity than the well-known orator in the Museo Borbonico at Naples. Then there is the late Sir Robert Peel, Robert Stephenson, Kirkman Finlay, and Dudley North, from any and all of whom the sculptor of the Orator might have taken a lesson in casting draperies. These, with a statue of her Majesty, and another of the Bishop (Van Mildert) of Durham, are all the portrait statues engraved; and no sculptor but Gibson would have ventured to have thus dealt with these men. But he was so well sustained by the heads, that he could have done what he pleased with the rest; their heads were all thought, and their faces full of language. It is all but certain that these are the last essays in portrait statuary in the antique taste that we shall see, for the voice of universal Europe is unanimously raised in favour of having those of whom it would preserve a remembrance commemorated by statues as nearly as possible resembling the living person. In Germany, Rauch's works at Berlin, and in France, the multitude of statues in modern attire have assisted in suppressing in portrait statues deductions from the antique. When we look, however, at Gibson's statue of the Queen, which was executed for the Houses of Parliament, whatever of the classic element that is introduced into that figure purifies the regal properties that must enter into the composition. The left hand grasps the sceptre, resting on its end, and the right holds a chaplet of laurel; both eminently significant, one of the extent, the other of the spirit of our sovereign's sway; and yet more pointed than these are the marine horses on her footstool—no monarch that the world has yet seen has been entitled to such an attribute in so wide an interpretation. In the statues we mention we find the impersonations doing, thinking, and speaking; and in their action there is evident purpose. The difficulty of disposing the hands, directing the thought, and giving appropriate motive to a statue, is immense. Study will do much in drapery composition, but the value of mere labour is overrated; hence it is rare to meet with a thread of sustained melody pervading the whole.

By the fanatic sections of the Greek hierarchy Mr. Gibson, in many of his views of their mythology, would have been set down among the heretics, for in some of his versions he tells us his deities were not all divine, not souls and essences of the purest medium; they had much of the earth about them—that indeed they were of it, and unlike the existences of the Christian theology—but for the earth they had never been, and without it they could not continue to be. We see this in his 'Venus,' who holds the apple that Paris has awarded her; the allusion at once to her gratified vanity and the premium that she promised him. We see it also, and

very properly, in his 'Proserpine,' but, in comparison with these, proportionably less in his 'Bacchus,' but again, in his 'Nymph' and his 'Cupid,' the allusion to the living flesh is strongly marked, as it is also in 'Venus kissing Cupid.' This it is that the Greek and Roman poets have insisted on, but the sculptors would not recognise; the latter jealously sifted all the earthy particles from the composition of their deities, but Gibson's verse, as it appears to us in certain instances, is not so much the poetry of the ancient sculptors as that of the ancient poets. On the other hand, his 'Aurora' is a creature of light—in everything the rosy-fingered morn—in the stealthiness of whose approach you forget the marble, so light is her step that you listen in vain for her footfall. The story of 'Sappho' is told in such a manner that we need not to be informed that it is the tenth muse that is presented to us. She holds her lyre in her left hand; her look is downcast and so woe-begone, her grief looks so fresh, that she can but now have parted from Phaon, and we look for him as if the exciting cause must be present; but it is a great triumph for the marble, that we should look for the man that slighted Sappho to the death, and do not find him. The statue of 'Hebe' is in the finest Greek taste; it is loosely draped nearly to the knees, she is in the act of presenting the cup, which she does with becoming modesty. She is a severe censure on the sentence of Jupiter; for it is impossible to suppose that such a figure could ever fall before the gods so ungracefully, as to merit dismissal from office. 'Pandora' is even more chaste than the 'Hebe'; it is much to say of such a work, that you know many of the antiques that it surpasses, but few of them that excel it. It meets the student at all points of his study of Greek art, and fulfils his best conceptions of its utmost purity. It may, however, be considered imperfect, because it has not those slight defects that appear necessary to the perfection of some Greek statues. 'The Hunter and his Dog' is a grand example of male beauty: he stoops, holding with his right hand the eager animal by the collar. The distinction here is sufficiently broad between the spirit of this conception and that of the more exalted subjects. The hunter is an athlete, with a show of modelling in his frame that perfectly describes the firmness and tenacity of muscle that results from action. The mould of the person is as clean as that of the 'Fighting Gladiator,' and although in an attitude of comparative rest, his agility and strength are as great. The 'Mars and Cupid' affords another and a different character—a form of greater strength, but with less of elastic activity; and 'Paris' presents another type—that of the latter spring-tide of youth merging into the summer of manhood. He wears the Phrygian cap, holds the apple in his right hand, his left hanging by his side, grasping his shepherd's staff. If the head were not there, the youthful roundness, beauty, vigour, and delicate lines of the limbs were enough to bespeak the time of life; but the head in the fitting climax to the beauty of the person; it is such as must move the love of many women.

Mr. Gibson has executed many compositions in sacred, or what is commonly called religious, art; they are bas-reliefs, to the memory of Lady Knightly, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Huskisson, Mrs. Pigott, Lady Leicester, William Earle, and Mrs. Byrom, and into them are admitted those traditional conventions which characterised the works of the cinque-centists. Again, in bas-relief we have 'Amalthea,' 'Love and Idleness,' 'Eros and Anteros,' and many others, and it is in working up to the most exalted tone of classic art that Mr. Gibson's virtue lies; his greatest works are conceived according to the canons of the great Olympiads; while his labours in "religious" sculpture seem to have been conducted in the spirit of exoteric relaxations. Had the lot of our modern sculptors been cast in the heyday of Greek art, and Pericles had to choose friends from among them; he would have selected John Gibson, who is more Achaian than Thorwaldsen, Canova, Rauch, or any of those great men who worked hard and lived long; and even at the last sang themselves to sleep, yet haunted in spirit by dreams of the beautiful.

We cannot but recommend this series of engravings to students of sculpture, as a work of special utility to them.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

DOVER.

G. Chambers, Painter. T. A. Prior, Engraver.
Size of the picture, 2 ft. 3½ in. by 1 ft. 7½ in.

THIS picture is the companion work to the view of Greenwich Hospital, by the same artist, of which an engraving appeared in a former number of the *Art-Journal*: both paintings were commissions from the late Queen Adelaide, and both subjects are treated in a quiet, unpretentious, and truthful manner. Neither of them can be accepted as examples of what Chambers could do as a marine painter; we have seen many pictures by him, coast-scenes as well as open sea-views, into which he has thrown far more practical feeling, picturesque effect, and vigorous execution, than these two show: his representation of storms and naval engagements—he painted very few of the latter descriptions—was equal, if not superior, to those of any of his contemporaries, except Stanfield, who, then as now, holds dominion over the sea.

The view of the town and harbour of Dover is, perhaps, one of the least picturesque, considering the size and importance of the place, to be found on the southern coast of England; the town, of which a small portion only is seen here, lies in a deep valley formed by a depression in the chalk hills, which, rising perpendicularly from the sea in the front, and by gentle slopes on each side, present a bare, unclothed appearance: the only good pictorial feature is the old castle, occupying a prominent place in the view, which takes in the line of coast as far as the South Foreland. But, however deficient Dover is in those qualities an artist generally looks for and desires, its historical interest is very great. From the invasion of Julius Caesar down to our own time, it has been famed in the annals of the country, and has occupied the attention of successive generations of statesmen and warriors, from its contiguity to France, and consequently as offering the most favourable point, with reference to distance, to foreign invasion: its natural defences, however, united with those which military science has drawn around it, leave little apprehension of a hostile attack in that quarter, even though, as the late Sir Robert Peel said, "Steam has bridged the channel" between England and France. To the left of the town, as the latter appears to the spectator looking towards it from the point whence the sketch was taken, rises Shakspeare's Cliff, so named from the poet's fine description:—

"Stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midnight air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight; the murmuring surge
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

Dover, as the principal port whence travellers embarked and disembarked on their way to and from the continent, now shares this kind of traffic with Folkestone, the latter place having perhaps the preference: but the old town will always maintain its pre-eminence in historic interest. From its shores men renowned in the annals of the world have gone forth on their missions, and exiled princes have felt themselves in a place of safety beneath the shelter of its white cliffs. The narrow streets of the town have been the first to echo the joyous shouts for victories won by British valour; and the "Men of Kent" who thronged them were the first whose privilege it was to welcome back again the conquering leaders of the British hosts. The archives of the corporation could, it is presumed, show such a catalogue of "addresses" as no other place in the kingdom—the metropolis perhaps excepted—can boast of.

Many important alterations and improvements have been made in the town and harbour since Chambers sketched his picture, so that the view must not be considered as an accurate representation of the place as it now appears.

The picture is at Osborne.

* Cockboat.

* Engravings from Originals, Commissioned, executed in Marble at Rome. By John Gibson, R.A., &c. Drawn by G. Chambers, and engraved under the direction of Lewis Grosse, by T. Langer, &c. Published by P. and D. Colnaghi, Scott & Co., London.

AN EXAMINATION-
INTO THE
ANTIQUITY OF THE LIKENESS
OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

BY THOMAS HEAPHY.

PART VII.—MOSAIC PICTURES.

THE sudden and extraordinary development of the Arts immediately following the conversion of the empire, in the beginning of the fourth century, is one of those historical events that, seemingly conforming to none of the laws by which intellectual progress is governed, would, in the present state of our information, appear to be inexplicable.

For the first three centuries, the position of the church, being directly antagonistic to the most vindictive and powerful government, perhaps, that the world has seen, the ordinances of its worship were necessarily administered in places secluded from public observation. That, in the intervals of persecution, there existed in Italy places set apart for these purposes, would, from the records that have come down to us, appear probable; but the determination and pertinacity with which the pagan Cæsars endeavoured to destroy the worshippers, and to eradicate their faith, must have rendered the public assembling, in a recognised religious building, as a general practice, impossible. Probably such churches or chapels as existed other than those in the subterranean cemeteries, were merely portions of private houses set apart for the purpose; consequently, it would appear that, excepting on the confined and limited scale that we see in the pictures of the catacombs, or in such small ornamentation as might have been used in the chamber of a private dwelling, any exercise of the art of church decoration must have been impracticable; and anything like the formation of a school of Art, that might, by the acquisition of artistic knowledge through successive generations, have led to the extraordinary display of artistic power exhibited in the age of Constantine, was simply impossible. But while scarcely the germ of this power is to be traced in the earlier works, the mode, and, perhaps, the excellence, of the mechanical execution is common to the productions of each period. The church of the first ages, in admitting the Arts into its service, was careful to use them under forms distinctly separate from those in which they had ministered to the idolatrous worship or to the luxury of paganism. Painting, previously confined to mere architectural decoration, as the medium of the church's teaching rose and developed itself to the occasion, and appropriated to itself the forms of composition and beauty that have ever since distinguished it. Sculpture, being more identified with idolatry than painting, was, for some centuries at least, utterly discarded by the church; and, from the few remains that exist, it would appear that the architecture of the first Christian buildings, rejecting the style of the pagan temples, was entirely distinctive and *sui generis*. So, in adopting Mosaic decoration into its service, the church impressed it with new and peculiar characteristics; previously, its practice had been confined to the coarse and rude delineation, afforded by embedding small pieces of naturally-coloured stones in cement, and its application would appear to have extended no further than the ornamentation of pavements, or occasionally of a piece of furniture—the limited range of colour, and the impracticability of the material, directing its use solely to the lowest style of architectural decoration—but the substitution of coloured glass in the place of the naturally-coloured stone effected an entire change both in its character, and the uses to which it was applied.

From the peculiarity of the glass ornaments and vessels of the first ages of the church, there is reason to believe that certain secrets in glass manufacture were confined to the guilds or confraternities of Christian workmen. Anything of the nature of the gilt pateræ found in the catacombs (in which we see the gold leaf embedded in the very heart of the glass) is unknown amongst the pagan productions of the period, and the application of stained glass to Mosaic and enamelled metal work is certainly to be found only during the first three centuries in the productions of the Christian workshops. The new, and it might be termed the Christian, character thus imparted to the hitherto pagan art, endowed it with new capacities. That which was before applied only to the lowest style of decoration, was now to be the choicest adornment of the holiest of holies of the Christian temple—humble this temple was, certainly, generally a mean and obscure apartment in a secluded part of the pagan city, often nothing better than a hole in the ground; but the church of that day, though it had not yet learnt to pride itself on the gorgeousness of its habitations, yet deemed it necessary, when practicable, that the portion of the chamber set apart for the dispensing of the religious ordi-

No. 1.



nances, should be distinguished by appropriate symbolic decoration.

In the pictures of the earliest catacomb chapels, we have seen that the subjects of the illustrations had exclusive reference either to the consolations of the church, or to its distinctive teaching. As generations passed away, and as the Christian flock became better versed in the tenets of its faith, this pictorial instruction was, in a great measure, dispensed with, and, in its stead, we find the decorations which previously had been applied indiscriminately over the whole body of the edifice, now confined principally to the chancel, and having direct reference to the authority of the priestly office, and the nature of the religious ordinances dispensed therefrom, so that the priest engaged in the holy offices at the altar might refer, for the sacred character of his mission, directly to the pictured semblance of our Lord with the book in his hand, as the great teacher, or for the sanctity of the sacrament he was administering, to the story of the origin of that sacrament delineated on the wall above.

The more perfect adaptability of the new material to purposes of architectural decoration, its greater durability, and brilliance, so peculiarly

fitting it for the adornment of dark recesses, were, probably, the reasons that caused Mosaic work, when practicable, to be used in preference to the earlier mode of painting in fresco; consequently, as the third century approached its completion, the practice of what may be termed Christian, as distinctive from pagan, Mosaic had become general—though the disadvantageous circumstances under which such works were produced necessitated their being small in size, and somewhat ruder and less artistic than the fresco pictures in their execution. Only the few works in this manner that existed in the catacombs have come down to us; probably the oldest, and certainly the best authenticated, of these, are two taken from the catacombs of St. Agnese, and now in the Christian Museum of the Lateran. Copies of these works are given in cuts 1 and 2.

As undoubted specimens of the earliest Mosaic work, a greater interest attaches to them than their excellence as works of Art would otherwise command. The likeness in the portrait of our Lord, though the expression is negated by the rudeness of the delineation, conforms, in every respect, to the received tradition, even to the minute characteristic of the two pieces of stray hair in the middle of the forehead: there is also the peculiar drooping brow, and the form of the beard growing away from the chin. The third century is assigned as the date of these works; from the place where they were taken, they must certainly have been executed before the age of Constantine, and the character of the symbolism, the Alpha and the Omega on the robe, the book in the hand, the form and the colour of the nimbus, and the mode of spelling the name within the circle, would all point to the beginning of the third century as the time of their production. While in artistic execution and correctness of delineation both of these works are of the lowest order—in these respects much below the works of contemporary art in fresco—the colouring and design is in both most excellent. Of course no idea of the former of these qualities can be given in a woodcut; but it will suffice to say, that the use of glass, or some vitrified substance, has added to the effect a transparency and richness unknown in the works of previous periods. In the dress of our Lord, the deep blue of the cloak harmonizes to perfection with the transparent red of the under robe; and the gold of the "Alpha and the Omega" on the draperies, with the gorgeous gilding of the background, unite with the blue and the carmine of the dress in one rich and harmonious whole. In the second picture of the infant Saviour and the Virgin mother, the colours are less brilliant, but equally harmonious: the draperies of the figures are white, the background of deep blue, and in the two corners are the exact counterparts of the conventional crimson curtain seen so continually in pictures by Lawrence and his imitators. While the execution of this picture is at least as rude as that of the preceding, the action and grouping of the figures are so excellent, that, were it not for the errors in drawing, it would be difficult to say in what respect they fail of being perfect. When the higher qualities of design are found united with rude and ignorant execution, there is strong presumptive evidence of the work being a copy, by an inferior hand, of a more perfect original; and various other circumstances connected with these two Mosaiques would lead to the conclusion that they are transcripts from some older work, that, from its excellence, was taken as a type by the Mosaic workers of the succeeding centuries—one of such circumstances being the introduction of a string of beads round the neck of our Lord; in the earlier Mosaic pictures this necklace is universal; what was its origin or signification has never yet been satisfactorily

explained. (No. 2.) The other works referable to the same period differ in little or nothing from those just instanced: rude in execution, but, at the same time, possessing qualities of excellence, pointing directly to the existence of others of a superior order. Probably, the works that have remained to the present age being exclusively those taken from the catacombs, we see only the inferior copies from those that, being designed for the churches above ground, were executed in a more careful style.

If the persecuted Christian church of the first three centuries possessed buildings appropriated exclusively to religious worship, the only remains of such edifices are to be seen in the churches of St. Stefano Rotondo, on the Caelian Hill, at Rome, and the chapel, or baptistry, of St. Constanza, outside the Porta Pia. The form of both these buildings is circular, or polygonal, with a peculiarly implex internal structure, affording additional evidence (assuming the tradition to be correct that they were ancient Christian chapels) that the church, in its architecture as in its painting, was studious to impress a distinctive Christian character on the Arts it admitted to its service.

No. 2.



It is also said, and apparently on reliable authority, that the baptistry of Constantine, a building similar in architecture to the above, was merely the renovation of an older church; if it were not so, it is certain that it was amongst the first buildings erected after the conversion of the empire, and, under such circumstances, it could hardly be otherwise than that it should conform in general design, and in its internal decorations, to the style that had been previously followed. Consequently, we see the octagonal form, and the complex internal structure, that is still remaining perfect in St. Stefano, and partially so in St. Constanza. Its Mosaic pictures, executed immediately after the erection of the building, have every distinctive feature in common with the works of the preceding centuries, but exhibiting a decidedly higher order of execution. The same type of likeness will be seen in the portraits of our Lord, partaking rather of the Byzantine than the Italian characteristics, and again repeating the introduction of the string of beads round the neck. The illustration given in cut 3 is from the chancel of the

principal chapel attached to the baptistry, and is indisputably to be ascribed to the first years of the reign of Constantine. In this work we see, while the ancient tradition was rigidly adhered to, a decided advance in many parts of the execution on anything that had gone before—this may, however, be owing to its having undergone extensive restorations immediately after the Gothic occupation of the fifth century. But in partaking of the character of the earlier pictures, the works of this time lost their appropriateness to the altered position of the church. The Arts, to be the expression of the popular mind, must respond to the predominating sentiments of the community, or they will be but the lifeless, shabby husks of a worn-out idea. To the condition of the liberated church, the types and symbolism of the period of its captivity were no longer applicable. In treating of the catacomb frescoes, we have seen the preponderating influence exercised by the writings of the Apostle John over the ideas and forms of thought of the primitive church; and there cannot be a doubt but that in the day we are now treating of, the spiritual eye of Christianity saw, in the three hundred and twenty years of the church's persecution, the realization of the apocalyptic vision of the "woman from heaven," "clothed with the sun," "the moon under her feet," and "crowned with the twelve stars," "pursued into the wilderness" by the destroying dragon "for a time, times, and a portion of a time." The church, it was held, had, in fulfilment of her destiny, followed her Divine spouse into the desert, there to be proved by "conflict with the powers of darkness in high places;" the fiery baptism of persecution and martyrdom was the path through which she must pass to the glorious destiny that the appointed time was to inaugurate for her. Nor necessary only to the church, in its collective signification, was this fiery probation; to the individual member martyrdom came to be regarded, not merely as an undoubted, but rather an indispensable title to admission at the heavenly portals. To minds attuned to this one idea, the continual contemplation of patterns of those heavenly things that were so soon and so surely to become visible realities, was nothing less than a mental necessity; and not only in the specially designed symbols were these heavenly patterns recognisable, but also in the common adjuncts and surroundings of their religious life. The cavern, the hole in the ground, to which the proscribed worshipper resorted, was but the type, the visible representation, of his Divine Master's condition while here on earth. The table at which he knelt, the tomb, with the dust of the martyrs beneath, was to him "the very altar of God," "from within which the souls of those slain for the testimony which they held" cried out, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" The lamp on that table, necessary on account of the darkness of the subterranean chamber, was none other than the golden candlestick that—conditionally on the faith of the church—was never to be removed out of its place; and in the decorative symbolism, the pictured attributes and functions of the Saviour were, in all instances, those that would more particularly address themselves to the ideas and aspirations of a suffering community. In our Lord, as the shepherd carrying the wounded lamb, the Christian flock beheld the protector; as recalling Lazarus to life, the regenerator; and, with the eternal Gospel in his hand, the originator of their creed. These forms of symbolism were but the natural expression of the mind of the church in its adversity; but this condition had passed away. The church was liberated, the dawn of the glorious morning so long looked

for had broke, and the types and patterns of the captivity, speaking no longer to the heart of the people, became shorn of their significance; and though still continued as adjuncts to religious worship, and still regarded with a devout though formal reverence, they exercised no higher function than that of mere ecclesiastical decoration.

The new phase that had opened upon Christianity required another phase of symbolism. Continuing the imagery of the apocalypse, the Divine founder of the faith was no longer to be depicted as the life-giver, the protector of the persecuted church, but as the heavenly conqueror of the revelation, descending to the new Jerusalem to receive the bride, prepared and purified by her suffering for the mystic marriage. "The blasphemer of God and of his tabernacle," "to whom was given to make war with the saints, was overcome," "was cast down into the bottomless pit." The thousand years' reign of the Lord had been inaugurated, and "the angel was already flying through the midst of heaven, bearing the everlasting Gospel to preach to all that dwell upon the earth." I would wish to be understood, in referring in this manner to the prophecies of the apocalypse, as merely recording the ideas and forms of thought of the church of that period, and not myself making any attempt to penetrate the mysteries of the sacred writing. Modern expounders, it is well known, place the fulfilment of these prophecies at a period yet to come; but we can hardly be surprised that, in the exuberance of feeling and of hope consequent upon such a revolution, the church should see in the appositeness of the inspired vision a direct reference to the events then in the course of consummation.

The houses of God were now no longer secluded chambers or holes in the ground; chapels, churches, and basilicas rose in all quarters of the city, which, from being the spiritual "Babylon," was now, for the first time, recognised as the "eternal;" but the patterns of the heavenly things that had so identified themselves with the hopes and feelings of the community in times of persecution, were not to be laid aside like worn-out rags in the day of triumph. The table of the new basilica, gilt and jewelled though it was, seemed empty and meaningless in comparison with that table in the cavern some 60 feet below, under which were the remains of those Christian warriors, men and women, who had shed their blood for the testimony, and who (in the theological ideas then obtaining) actually united, by virtue of their physical presence, in church communion with the assembly congregated round their sepulchres, and participated with them in the same mystic sacraments. Accordingly, the new temple, with its architectural splendour and gorgeous decorations, must be, not the rival nor the imitation of the pagan edifices around, but the development, the apotheosis of the humble cavern in the ground. The bones of the martyrs must be transferred to it; the candlestick that had before been a necessity, must still shed its light on the assembled worshippers. Even the anagram of our Lord (the X), that had before been the distinguishing mark of the martyr's grave, must still, in the form of the cross, be seen over the table of the new covenant, and the chancel, the holiest of holies, must still have the same vaulted form that was adopted as a necessity in the subterranean excavations; and furthermore, the nooks and holes in the more intricate recesses of the catacombs, that had been the secret receptacles of the relics of the departed in the faith, were now represented by the sacristy of the new temple, and crowds of people were to be seen flocking from them, bearing their relics, the clothes of departed relatives, their amulets,

their sacred pictures, preserved, perhaps, from the apostolic age itself, to place them, in the newly-consecrated receptacle.

An extraordinary sight must the inauguration of the first Christian temples have been, and one the like of which is scarcely to be seen again. On the hill now called the Lateran was a small church (still remaining, under the name of the Baptistry of Constantine); scarcely fifty paces distant was the first and—with the exception of St. Peter's—most magnificent of Christian basilicas; that of St. John, rapidly approaching completion. Stretching far away into the Campagna, along the different roads radiating from the adjacent gate of the city, might be seen long lines of people chanting litanies, and with solemn ceremonies bringing their long-treasured relics, their holy pictures, and the bodies of their martyred and canonized relations, from the secret chambers of the catacombs to the newly consecrated sacristy in the rising cathedral, while within the small Christian chapel was the imperial convert, stepping naked into the baptismal font, humbly to receive the initiatory rite from the hands of those who, but a few short months

before, had been proscribed and persecuted outcasts; and, by the side of their master, crowds of stern, grim soldiery and haughty nobles, now, like him, fain to cringe to and adulate those whom, until then, they had hunted, trodden down, and crushed as the vilest of humanity; and in the surrounding crowd, nay, even amongst the officiating priesthood, might be seen many with wounds yet actually fresh from the terrible persecution that had raged with such violence but a few years previously. Some might be seen with the marks of wild animals, of the fire, of the knife, still upon them, some maimed of a limb, some without eyes; while within sight of that multitude was the column but scarcely finished, commemorating this the most bloody persecution the church had seen, and bearing inscribed on it the vain boast of the extermination of the Christian sect. And he, the builder, the inscriber of that column, the author of that persecution, the abdicated emperor, but a few miles across the narrow sea—at his luxurious retirement in Dalmatia—calmly contemplating from his solitude that tremendous moral revolution which had al-

No. 3.



ready sapped the empire to its base, and which, before another century, was to level it in the dust.

From the spot where the above scene was enacted might be seen, some two miles across the Campagna, another basilica in course of construction, dedicated to St. Paul, and second only in magnificence to its sister edifice on the Lateran. These new basilicas were decorated with all the lavish profusion that might be expected from new converts amongst the governing powers, who possessed in the inexhaustible treasures of the heathen temples a convenient and an inexpensive means of exhibiting their zeal for their new faith; gold, silver, and precious stones, poured in profusion from the shrines of idolatry to decorate the house of the one true God. The chancels of the new churches glittered with the candlesticks and the sacred vessels formed out of the re-cast metal; the communion table, the steps leading to it, the episcopal chair, the columns, and even the pavement itself, were covered with the precious stones stripped from the adjacent heathen temples, while the whole vault of the chancel, and in many instances

the entire building itself, from the roof to the flooring, walls, roof, screens, and columns, even the darkest recesses, the pavement itself, and often a great portion of the exterior of the building, was one mass of the most gorgeous Mosaic painting. The subjects of the pictures, no longer limited to those that the church had regarded with such affection in its adversity—the protecting shepherd, the life-giver, the teacher; but, still repeating the symbolism of the apocalypse, it was our Lord descending in clouds of glory from heaven to take possession of his kingdom, and to inaugurate the prophesied thousand years of his reign on earth. In all the churches built during the age of Constantine, and indeed till the Gothic invasion of the next century, did this one subject form the governing idea in the decoration of the churches. The writings of St. John, in all cases, supplied the texts to the pictures, and in particular was the fourth chapter of the Revelation, with its transcendently gorgeous imagery, adopted for representation.

[This series of papers will be concluded in the succeeding part of the *Art-Journal*.]

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY, FOR PROMOTING THE KNOWLEDGE OF ART.

THE last annual Report of the Arundel Society, now before us, is a record of almost unexampled success. After twelve years devoted to a noble mission, the council may look back with some gratification to past difficulties overcome, and can now fairly anticipate a career of increased prosperity and usefulness for the future. Twelve years ago this society had almost to create among the public a taste for those early Italian frescoes which, through its efforts, have now become so widely known and so warmly appreciated. During that period the current of events, both in this country and in Italy, has fortunately tended in its favour. In England, on the one hand, has grown up an ardent love for mediæval works, a profounder study of the olden times, a fuller and a finer appreciation of those ancient pictures which once repelled by their rudeness, but now win through their simple, unsophisticated beauty. In Italy, likewise, many things have conspired to advance the prosperity of this enterprising association of connoisseurs. Public attention has been directed in an unwonted degree to Italy, the cradle of the Arts; general interest has been aroused for those works which were coeval with the revival of learning and the dawn of freedom, and pictures which through long neglect had been ready to perish, have found zealous protectors. The Arundel Society, at first a pioneer, is now in full command of a strong position; its reproductions of Italian frescoes have obtained a wide popularity, its subscribers now reach to upwards of twelve hundred, and its accounts, we are glad to add, show a commercial success seldom found compatible with bold artistic enterprise.

Our readers are probably aware that the most important publications of the society for the last few years have consisted in chromolith copies from Italian frescoes. The present issue comprises 'The Death of St. Francis,' a master work by Domenico Ghirlandaio, in the Church of the Trinità, at Florence. It is truly surprising to mark the perfection to which the chromo-lithographic process has here been carried. Ghirlandaio, among other things, was famed for the character and the expression which he threw into individual heads; and in this copy, produced by the somewhat mechanical arrangements of block-printing, it is remarkable to see with what precision the lines of the features have been preserved, and with what force and detail each head stands out as an actual portrait. The harmony of the colour has likewise been maintained with more than wonted success. It is always no small difficulty faithfully to render the tender transitions of delicate tints, to blend colours in their brightness, and yet secure soft concord; to give brilliancy without crudity, and force without loaded opacity. It is in surmounting such defects, usually incident to printing in colours, that Mr. Gruner specially shows his skill. The copies published by the Arundel Society, though large in scale, are necessarily greatly reduced from the size of the original frescoes. In the present year, however, two heads, taken from 'The Death of St. Francis,' are executed precisely on the scale of the figures in the fresco itself: this we deem a great advantage. These life-sized heads are fac-similes of the original, and as much as may be, touch for touch has been copied. The mode of the artist's handling is thus seen, and the fresco process, in its breadth and facile power, can be fairly judged of.

These chromo-lithographs are elucidated by a memoir of Ghirlandaio, from the pen of Mr. Layard. Italy and Italian Art have long been with Mr. Layard subjects of warm sympathy and devoted study; year after year he has traversed the Italian peninsula in search of frescoes which had long fallen into neglect and ruin. From time to time he has rescued from destruction pictures which the people of the country had ceased to care for. In successive autumn travels he has with research, accumulated literary materials which the Italians could furnish, but did not use; and these valuable stores have been devoted to the service of the Arundel Society. The memoir of Ghirlandaio now before us is one of a series; it is written with knowledge and discriminative judgment. It informs the subscribers to the chromo-lithographs of

all they require to know of the works and the times of Ghirlandaio, of the revival of Italian learning, of the progress of Italian Art, of the relations which the great masters of the middle ages held to the industry, the wealth, and the civilization of the country in which they lived and laboured. It tells us, moreover, as in the following passage, of the connection or the contrast subsisting between these early masters of the Italian Pre-Raphaelite epoch and the painters of our own British school; and it points out, in clear and forcible language, the defects and errors of English artists who have assumed the prestige of an Italian origin.

"In the works of the painters of this period," says Mr. Layard, "and especially in those of Masaccio, Ghirlandaio, and the two Lippi, we have the source from which Raphael, and the greatest masters of the golden age of painting, drew some of their noblest inspirations, when they combined with the strictest imitation of nature the most poetical and elevated treatment of it, and before they felt the influence of the new and evil taste gathering around them. Yet how essentially do they differ in spirit and conception, and indeed in every particular and detail, from those modern works to which it has been the fashion to apply the epithet 'Pre-Raphaelite!' In them, that which should be the principal object and end of the painter is never made secondary and subservient to insignificant and meaningless details. Whilst nothing that may add to the interest or effect of the whole is neglected, everything holds its relative place. To every object is given just the importance which may be due to it, and no more. The first aim of the painter is to place before the spectator, in the most intelligible and simple form, yet with the highest degree of dignity and grace, compatible with a strict adherence to nature and truth, the story which he has to tell, the sentiments and emotions he has to express. He then adds such details and accessories, and only such, as are absolutely necessary to make the story complete, and to give to it the impress of reality."

The preceding quotation may be taken as one example of the many important lessons that may be derived from the study of the great master-works, by the publication of which the Arundel Society, in pursuance of its mission, seeks to "promote a knowledge of Art." The high character of the copies given to subscribers during the present year is the best guarantee that, in the operations still in contemplation for the future, the utmost possible excellence will be striven after and attained. The society has already accomplished much, but it has yet more in prospect. We wish to call special attention to the formation of "the Copying Fund." It is well known that frescoes of the utmost value in the history of Art, works which are among the choicest that Italy has produced, ranking as the best examples of renowned painters, are fast falling to decay. It has rightly been thought that, with the agencies at the command of the Arundel Society, considering, moreover, the special objects for which it labours, the present opportunity should not be lost of obtaining accurate copies of most important works, before absolute destruction takes them from our reach. With this view a "Copying Fund" has been formed, and a few warm supporters of the society have come forward during the last two years, and subscribed nearly three hundred pounds. Further aid is now solicited. With the assistance already obtained, Signor Mariannucci, the Italian artist employed by the council, has secured accurate and, in every respect, admirable copies of leading frescoes by Francis, in Bologna, by Benozzo Gozzoli, at S. Gimignano, also of the entire series, twelve in number, by Masolino Massaccio and Filippino Lippi, in the Brancacci chapel at Florence, with other scarcely less valuable works, all of which, in coming years, will be presented as chromo-lithographs to subscribers. With the further aid which the council hope to obtain from all interested in so good a cause, it is proposed forthwith to secure the great historic frescoes at Padua, Assisi, and Arezzo, one and all of which are, year by year, rapidly perishing through injury and neglect.

It is a great and a good work which the Arundel Society is endeavouring to accomplish. Those of our readers who may desire to obtain further information, will do well to visit the rooms of the society, in Old Bond Street, where the original drawings, taken from the frescoes, are on view.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

THE sultry summer weather which, as we write, has come so suddenly upon us after the long winter and cold, ungenial spring, seems naturally to attract the thoughts of the wayfarer, as he paces the hot streets of the metropolis, to those public and gratuitous places of refreshment known as "drinking fountains," still too few and far between in our

highways, to judge by the groups of thirsty passengers we see waiting, each for his turn, to handle the cup or ladle. We engrave on this page one designed and executed at the factory of Mr. W. Hood, in Upper Thames Street; it is of bronzed iron, the basin being lined with white enamel: its height is eight feet, the extreme width, at base, three feet three inches, and is intended to be fixed upon a stone platform, slightly raised, in which is cut a trough for the use of dogs—a neces-



sity that seems to have been altogether lost sight of in too many of the fountains already erected, as if the wants of the poor quadrupeds were not worth the notice of bipeds. The water issues from it, if erected according to the plan just spoken of, from the outlets at a height of somewhat less than four feet from the ground. The supply cistern and filter may either be fixed in the vase, the top of which is made to take off, or in the pedestal; in the latter

case one of the sides is so constructed as to be removable. The ineffectual method of drainage, that makes many of the metropolitan fountains almost a nuisance, is obviated by carrying a drain all round the base. One of these fountains has been erected at Brighton, and another at Folkestone; their cheapness induces us to hope they will become more general; the price, we understand, varies from £35 to £50, according to the number of basins required.

THE NEWLY-FOUND PORTRAIT
OF SHAKSPERE.

At intervals, the literary and artistic world is aroused by the *Eureka* of some lucky individual, who has at last obtained that great desideratum—a portrait of Shakspeare, painted from the life. Of such pictures it may be said, "their name is legion," as there are very many more in existence than the world in general knows of. Some private individuals rejoice in the possession of portraits of the great bard, in the truth of which they religiously believe, and concerning which they occasionally "bore" their friends. Sometimes the "lucky possessor" cannot be content to "hide his candle under a bushel," but comes forth before the world demanding worshippers for his treasure; and he generally gets partisans, for all persons would wish such a discovery to be made, and many have more zeal than judgment. The worst feature of the case is this very partizanship, for the question of the genuine character of the portrait submitted soon becomes a personal matter; and advocates take either side of the question from any motive rather than a cool love of truth.

How many are the portraits which have been thus brought forth, lauded to the skies, condemned to oblivion, and new favourites submitted to the capricious gaze of the world! All have their advocates, none have entirely satisfactory pedigrees. The Chandos portrait, now in our National Portrait Gallery, has the best claim to attention, and its history can be traced back to Dryden the poet, but there it stops; this is particularly unfortunate, as it is precisely that period when criticism was lax, and what we want now to know—the authority from which it was painted—we cannot discover. It does not bear the character of the work of an earlier period than Dryden's own time, and must at best be received as the likeness of the great poet accepted by him and others of his era; but we shall find no other portrait whose pedigree can be carried so far back. The most pleasant portrait of the bard is the one advocated by Boaden, and supposed to have been painted by Cornelius Jansen, in 1610; but putting aside the uncertainty of the painting being by that artist, or that he was in England at so early a date, there is no authority for calling it a Shakspeare; and the words *ut magus* over the head, which have led Boaden into some false reasoning, are not on the picture, but were placed by Earlom, the engraver, upon his plate, when he executed it for Mr. Jennens, in 1770. Next comes the Felton portrait, first brought into notice in 1792, at the sale of the European Museum, in King Street, St. James's Square. It obtains its name from having been purchased for five guineas by Mr. Felton, of Drayton, Shropshire. No history of the picture, in any degree satisfactory, was ever given; the only one offered was an absurd story of its purchase at a broker's shop in the Minories, "by a man of fashion, whose name must be concealed," and that it once hung in the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, where only a miracle could have preserved it, when the inn was totally burnt, in the great fire of London. Yet Stevens, from the spirit of perverse opposition that was in him, patronized this picture, and nick-named the Chandos portrait (in allusion to the persons whose hands it had passed through) "the Davenantico-Bettertono-Barryan-Keckian-Nicolsian-Chandosian canvas." It is impossible that a man of his penetration could have been deceived by a portrait of such doubtful authenticity, and his conduct is a specimen of the sort of behaviour which too frequently characterises Shaksperian critics. This picture has been cut down, so that little more than the head remains, and the forehead has evidently been heightened by another hand, in accordance with the Stratford bust. It is scarcely worth while to enter into the history of other portraits which have, from time to time, asserted their claims to notice. They are now forgotten, except by a few students of the history of Shakspeare portraits, yet it is curious to note a man like Wivell, so honest and scrupulous a critic on the subject, inclined to believe in 'Sir Bland Burges', and Auriol's miniatures, both being conjectural, unlike each other, and unlike any authoritative likeness. Dunford's portrait was made into a Shakspeare by one Holder, a picture-restorer,

who ingeniously cut the head out of a large painting, and added parts to accord with the popular idea of the bard. Holder ingeniously owned his trick, but declared it was so good a thing, as to be "worth a score" of other Shaksperes he had made up! The Cooper, Simon, Gilliland, and Cosway portraits, all unlike each other, and all without a shadow of real claim to attention, may be dismissed with the remark, that they may suit the uncritical, and give a choice of features which such persons may adopt, in accordance with their idea of what the poet ought to be like.

The portrait which now claims public attention, and which has already received a large amount of it, comes before the world with an honesty which allows of no suspicion, and has been subjected to public criticism with an openness, and a fair desire that the truth should be elicited by that means, which is extremely honourable to all parties concerned. It is a genuine discovery, but, like other portraits, its real history goes but a little way back. W. O. Hunt, Esq., the town-clerk of Stratford-on-Avon, found it among neglected lumber in the house he inhabits, and which was purchased by his grandfather of the Clopton family, in 1758. Over it had been rudely painted a head, with beard and flowing locks, something in the fashion of the Cavalier period; and in this condition, dirty and grimed, it fell into the hands of Mr. Collins, the picture-restorer, who, on removing part of the surface, discovered the portrait in question. The picture bears a remarkable resemblance to the bust of the poet, upon his tomb, in the church at Stratford, as that bust appeared before 1793, when the officious absurdity of Malone induced the vicar to allow him to paint it white, and so obliterate the colours of the features and dress, which were of course a copy of those of the poet. This is the only picture so delineating Shakspeare, and it is hence inferred that this may be the portrait, painted from life, from which the monumental bust was executed. Unfortunately, this theory is perfectly untenable—we say "unfortunately," because we, in common with the large majority, would be only too glad to possess such a portrait. But, putting aside altogether for the moment the question of likeness, it is clearly not a work of Art of so remote a time. It possesses all the characteristics of a picture of the early part of the last century, and none of those which belong to the era of Elizabeth or James I. The picture is solidly painted; the flesh tints have the unfortunate "salmon-colour" we so often see about Hudson's work; the slashes in the doublet are indicated rather than drawn—represented, in fact, by crude twisted lines, as if copied without being understood. Now an artist of the Shaksperian era invariably painted the dress clearly and conscientiously, most frequently with as much care as he bestowed on the features. The features, too, were generally delicately, if not thinly, painted; the heavy solidity of this picture, and its crude boldness of touch, are not characteristics of that age, but are abundantly so of the works of the early part of the last century. The common trick of bringing a dark shadow to relieve the light side of a head, and then allowing the background to become suddenly light against the dark side of the face, is also a common, unmeaning, and tradesman-like practice, adopted generally by ordinary portrait-painters of a comparatively modern time.

The opinion we have formed of this picture, after careful thought, is simply this: we believe it to be a portrait of Shakspeare, painted from the bust, while that bust retained its original colours, at some time in the last century. It is, so far, valuable; but we cannot receive it as an older work, or for one moment think of it as a picture painted from life.

This, then, brings us back to the previous state of things, and however much the admirers of our greatest bard might wish for a better-executed or more finished bust of him than that upon his tomb, or for a more intellectual or agreeable face than Drocshout engraved for his works, we must take them as the portraits sanctioned by his family and friends; and that they were so received some time after, is apparent from the fact that, when Marshall prefixed his small one to the edition of Shakspeare's poems in 1640, he reproduced the same features—they may not be what we wish for, but they are all we can rely on.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 16.—NEW DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN DYEING.

IN the April number of the *Art-Journal*, we gave some notice of the new Murexide dye, or Tyrian purple. We are induced to return again to the subject of colours. So much attention has of late been given by chemists to the production of tinctorial bodies, that they are really crowding new, and, many of them, beautiful dyes upon us.

It has been objected to the colours of the *Mauve* and *Magenta* class, that they do not retain their brilliancy in artificial light. Many of them are certainly not good "night-colours"—they lose, and in a manner which is not easily explained, the tint which gives lustre, and, at the same time, depth to the colour. Every one who has observed—and who has not—the new colours in silks, must have been struck with the peculiar power, or intensity, of the colours. It appears as if one colour shone through the other—not a *chatoyant* play of colour, but as a persistent penetrating set of rays. This effect, so beautiful in sunshine, is lost under the influence of all ordinary artificial light. It would appear that the radiations from gas or oil light wanted the rays to which this lustre was due.

M. Du Motay has been endeavouring to produce a colour which should equal the mauve, and yet possess the property of retaining the same tint in solar and in artificial light. The chemist named states that soluble Prussian blue and the carmine of indigo, when mixed in the proportion of their equivalents, dissolve each other, and combine to form a new blue colour of definite chemical composition. The blue is of great beauty, and, as we have stated, it undergoes no change upon being removed from sunshine into gas-light. It is not easy to assign a cause for this; but M. Du Motay says the cause of it lies in the circumstance that the red tint of the indigo is corrected by the supplementary green contained in the Prussian blue: the result being a pure and neutral blue. A very fine green may be formed by an admixture of this colour with yellow, which also preserves the same tone in natural and artificial light. A patent has been obtained in this country for the preparation of this colour, and its use as a dyeing agent; we must, therefore, refer those of our readers who desire to know the method of preparing it, to the published specification.

With the madder dyes we are familiar; but we find some improvements introduced in the preparation of these. Mr. Mucklow, of Bury, conceives that the impurity of many of the madder reds arises from substances which are dissolved in the juices of the madder root; consequently he proposes to remove those by subjecting them to hydraulic pressure. The roots, if already dry, are first soaked in water; after pressure, the advantages are said to be that the Turkey red is purer, requiring less soap and alkali in cleansing, and, where whites are retained in the cloth, that they are very much purer than they usually are.

Economy in manufacture never received more attention than it is doing at the present time. We shall probably be induced, on some occasion, to devote a paper or two to the consideration of the ingenious processes which have been introduced to recover what has commonly been regarded as waste material; to one only we shall refer at present. M. J. A. Hartmann proposes to recover the *Alizarine* (the colouring matter of the madder), "from rags and other waste vegetable textile fabrics containing the same;" so that the colour may again be employed for dyeing and printing. We have yet to be made acquainted with the results, when trial of the process has been made on the large scale.

The *Lentisc*, or mastic tree, grows abundantly in the northern parts of the African continent. M. Muratore, of Algiers, has been directing his attention to it. He finds that the leaves and the berries will produce, with iron, a very fine black, after boiling. Beyond this, we are informed that, with some salts of iron, a yellow colour is produced, and that this is also the case with mercury; the salts of copper producing a brown, and those of lead a white. M. Muratore tells us that the branches and stems of this tree yield colouring matter, but not so extensively as the leaves and berries; that "the

whole of the tree—which is very plentiful, almost inexhaustible, in Africa, and very cheap—may be made to supersede Campeachy wood, gall nuts, and other expensive colouring matters."

From the bark of the buck-thorn (*Rhamnus frangula*) a new colouring matter has been extracted by Dr. T. L. Phipson, of Paris; and the same substance appears to have been discovered in the root of that plant by M. Buchner, of Munich. The name of *Rhamnoxanthine* has been given to this colouring matter by its discoverers. M. Buchner extracted the colouring matter from the root by means of ether: Dr. Phipson's process is very different. We translate his own words:—

"The branches of the *Rhamnus frangula*, and also of the *R. cathartica*, were plunged into sulphide of carbon, and allowed to remain for three or four days. The liquid, at the end of that time, had acquired a golden yellow colour; it was evaporated to dryness at the temperature of the atmosphere, and the residue treated with alcohol, which dissolved the colouring matter, leaving behind a peculiar greasy substance, of a brown colour. The alcoholic solution being evaporated to dryness, and the residue dissolved in ether, crystals of rhamnoxanthine were obtained by spontaneous evaporation."

Ammonia dissolves this salt, giving a magnificent purple solution. Potash and soda have a similar action, but they do not produce quite so delicate a colour. The carbonates of these alkalies yield a reddish brown solution. The crystals of this peculiar colouring matter are of a golden yellow, but when concentrated sulphuric acid is poured upon them a remarkable change takes place—they immediately lose their golden yellow, and become a bright emerald green. "I have observed," says Dr. Phipson, "the same striking phenomenon to take place with the yellow colour of leaves in autumn, and with the yellow colouring matter of the orange." If the action of the concentrated sulphuric acid be allowed to continue, the fine green colour disappears, passing into a purple hue, which dissolves in the acid. The discoverer remarks that, "on attempting to dye stuffs with rhamnoxanthine, I found that the colouring matter has a greater affinity for silk and wool than for cotton. But fine golden yellow and purple dyes can be obtained by the use of mordants, and, in the hands of an experienced dyer, rhamnoxanthine may one day become a useful product."

This substance possesses the peculiar property of forming fine lakes, with metallic oxides, which may be very useful to the artist in water colours. If the branches of the buck-thorn be plunged into a weak solution of ammonia, the colouring matter is dissolved, giving a red-purple liquid; if, then, the ammonia be saturated with citric acid, and magnesia added, a beautiful violet-coloured lake is obtained. If the yellow decoction obtained by macerating the branches in water, be precipitated with carbonate of ammonia, and an earth or metallic oxide added, a brown yellow lake is obtained. This is converted, by the action of sulphuric acid, into a chocolate lake. Other brown, red, and yellow lakes may be obtained by treating the buck-thorn bark in different ways.

This colouring matter, rhamnoxanthine, has not yet become, either to the dyer or the colour manufacturer, practically useful. It is, however, the province of the *Art-Journal* to direct attention to those sources from which Art, or Art-manufacture may derive new aids; hence have we devoted a column to the description of a colouring matter which promises to be exceedingly useful.

Mr. Grace Calvert, of Manchester, has associated himself, with two other gentlemen, in a patent for the production of an entirely new colour from *Aniline* and its homologues. We have hitherto obtained only blues and reds, or combinations and modifications of those colours, from this remarkable base. Mr. Grace Calvert has now obtained a very fine green colour, which he calls *Emeraldine*. This they can convert again into a pure blue, for which the name of *Aurine* is proposed.

This green is produced directly, in the fabric, by impregnating the goods with an oxidizing agent, such as chlorate of potash. After steeping, the goods are to be dried, and then padded or printed with an acid salt of aniline. The patentees prefer a solution of the tartrate, or hydrochlorate of aniline. After padding or printing, the goods are "aged" for twelve hours, during which time the colour is completely developed.

The green colour thus produced may be changed into a blue, or purple, by boiling in a weak solution of soap or alkali.

There is yet another claimant for chromatic honours. Naphthaline, a solid crystalline body, which is produced in great quantities in our gas-works, has not hitherto been of any use in the Arts or manufactures. Mons. L. Roussin has for some time been engaged in examining the reactions of naphthaline, and, having made out a theoretical relation between it and alizarine—the colouring matter of madder—he advanced in his inquiry until he succeeded in producing a variety of reds, from a pink to a deep maroon, including a brilliant scarlet. Already our manufacturers are at work on this matter; and the result of the discoveries we have briefly stated is, that England will probably become the colour makers for the world.

It is not a little remarkable that chemistry has shown us how to obtain, from one source, nearly all the colours of the prismatic bow. Red, in all its varieties, an approach to orange, green, blue, indigo, and violet, are colours which aniline has yielded. Yellow alone is wanting. We know of no other base possessing a similar chameleon power. When we reflect that this aniline is obtained from the oil of coal tar, and that not merely colours of the greatest beauty, but fruit and flower essences of the utmost fragrance, are obtainable from it, we cannot but admit that chemistry has a creative power of a very remarkable kind. The changes which our chemists have made by varying the proportions of oxygen, carbon, and hydrogen, prove, as Van Helmont very strangely, but beautifully, said—

"The wonder is, not that God, out of a few elements, has made so many things, but that, in his infinite wisdom, he has not made many more."

ROBERT HUNY.

NOTES

ON THE

MOST RECENT PRODUCTIONS OF FLORENTINE SCULPTORS.

No. III.

ACCORDING to the promise given in my last letter, I proceed to glance over the works of Art contained in another remarkable studio of Via Chiara, occupying, as I said before, the interior of a small ancient church, whose ornamented doorway now bears the name of Professor Fedi, one of the *sommisti* of modern Florentine sculpture.

Among the most graceful and latest finished works it contains, is that which bears the name of 'Love in Ambush' (*amore in agguato*), a favourite subject often reproduced. Signor Fedi embodies it as a baby Cupid with one dimpled knee on the ground, his head slanted watchfully forwards, and his right hand holding the poisoned arrow cautiously behind him as with intent eyes he marks out his chosen victim. The pendant to his chubby godship, a baby Psyche gathering lilies, the type of unconscious maiden purity, although pretty and attractive in its rounded outline and the skilful *morbidezza* of its silken curls, is less full of movement and character than its companion figure.

Near these is the plaster cast of the 'Cleopatra,' now in the possession of M. Benoit, of New York. The Egyptian queen lies on a couch, beside which is placed a low open basket of fruit. The upper part of her figure is entirely undraped, and she raises herself upon one arm, gathering up her resolve in one last stern effort, as with the other hand she places the asp upon her bosom. The expression of intense will contending with physical pain is admirably rendered, and the story it tells is, so to speak, cleverly localised by the formal Egyptian head-dress of the Circe of the East.

A monumental group, now in course of execution for St. Petersburg, represents an angel with up-lifted arm pointing the way to heaven to the spirit of a beautiful young wife, who seems preparing for her flight, with head thrown back and wistfully earnest gaze, as if longing to pierce the blue depths above her. The face is one of peculiar loveliness, and the whole figure is full of tender and trustful simplicity.

A small group of Pia de' Tolomei and her husband

is being twice repeated on commission for London, the one for Mr. Overend, the other for Mr. N. Clayton. The sad story of the innocent, but calumniated and suspected wife, left by her jealous husband to die of malaria in the poisonous solitudes of the Maremma, is preserved for all time by Dante in the fifth canto of his "Purgatorio," where the poet meets her gentle spirit among the souls of those violently and suddenly removed by death, yet saved for heaven by repentance, and is addressed by her in the few touching words:—

"Ricorditi di me, che son la Pia
Siena mi fe'; disfecemi Maremma;
Salai colui che 'nnanellata pria,
Disposando, m'avea con la sua gemma."

The group represents the ill-fated lady, at the moment when her husband prepares to leave her all alone in the dreary old tower of the Maremma, which is yet pointed out as the scene of her piteous ending. Laying one arm around his shoulder, she bends forward and looks into his averted face with anxious foreboding, as though inquiring how soon he will return. He meantime gazes gloomily on the ground, wrapping himself in the blackness of his evil thought, and shrinking from the pleading eyes of his victim. He seems rather to be waiting for the sound of his horse's hoofs on the stones without, and chafing at its delay, than listening to her timid words of inquiry. The execution of this group is very finished and careful, and the picturesque costume of the time is given with a faithful minuteness which adds greatly to the characteristic effect of the figures. So great indeed is the charm which invests this poetical little group, that there are not wanting distinguished Art-judges who rank it, despite its small size, on a level with Signor Fedi's colossal 'Pyrrhus and Polyxena,' of which I shall presently have to speak. Another group of similar size, illustrative of the old and little known Florentine legend of Ippolito Buonelmonte, who sought to save the honour of his mistress, Dianora de' Bardi, by giving himself up to a felon's death, is in course of execution on commission for Naples; but it is inferior to the other, both in conception and detail.

Among the reminiscences of former works which Signor Fedi's studio contains, is the plaster cast of his admirable statue of Niccolò Pisano, the first, perhaps, among the *shining lights* of Italian thirteenth century sculpture. The statue has for several years taken its place in one of the niches of the façade of the Uffizi Gallery of Florence, where stand enshrined the mightiest among the sons of her youth. The statue of this great master, whose grand tomb of St. Dominic at Bologna may well assert the honour of marking an era in Art, and worthily leads up to the triumph of that wonderful Pisan pulpit which crowns the apex of his fame, is full of simple dignity and imaginative power. Only one or two of the other statues on the façade of the Uffizi equal, and none certainly surpasses it.

But the work which has deservedly won Signor Fedi the widest celebrity, even while it was yet only a plaster model, is his colossal group, 'The Rape of Polyxena,' which is now being executed in marble, and which, as many an Art-connoisseur beyond the Alps will doubtless remember, was purchased some four years back, with the proceeds of a national subscription, for eleven thousand *scudi*. When finished, it will doubtless occupy a place of honour among the marble glories of Florence: possibly in the beautiful Loggia d'Orgagna, where a space well suited to it is yet unfilled.

The subject drawn from the *Æneid* is embodied with masterly skill and a power of effective combination, rare in any country, and at any time. The proportions of the group are strikingly grandiose, being about a third larger than those of the plaster model. The height of the finished work, without the pedestal, will be seven *braccia* (between thirteen and fourteen English feet). The group is composed of four figures. Pyrrhus, the mighty warrior, bearing away his girlish victim, Polyxena, to sacrifice her at the tomb of his father, Achilles, Polites, her stripling brother, stretched wounded and dying on the ground, in the vain effort to save her; and Hecuba, half kneeling, half spurned backwards by the fierce ravisher, hopelessly beseeching and pleading for her child, as she grasps his cloak in agonized entreaty. The attitude of Pyrrhus, the movement and life of the limbs, the muscular gripe with which he holds the delicate figure of the still struggling maiden

pressed against his brawny shoulder, are wonderfully thrown out by the subdued action of the dying brother, yet looking the hate he has no longer strength to prove by blows; and the utter heart-sickness of the mother's despair, the loosening hold of her fainting fingers, and the wan, hopeless dying-out of energy from her features. The muscular, uplifted arm, and threatening sword, of Pyrrhus are powerless in the presence of such a grief, and the sweeping action of over-mastering force becomes almost coarse and common by comparison with the expression of its intense suffering. A repetition of this noble group is to be executed in the purest Carrara marble for the Duke of Manchester, and is indeed worthy to take its place among the choicest gems of any gallery of modern sculpture.

Almost at the other extremity of Florence, in that same huge old *ci-devant* convent, now called the *Liceo Candelini*, which I mentioned in a former letter as containing, among many others, the studio of the sculptor Dupré, is that of another artist, Signor Cambi, whose name is well known to patrons of the Fine Arts, not in Florence only, but in England and America as well. The plaster model for his statue of Francesco Burlamacchi, is just now one of the chief attractions of the studio. The first sketch of it, on a very small scale, was selected for execution in 1859 by the examining committee who presided over the competitive exhibition of works of Art to be presented, at the expense of the government, to all the principal cities of Tuscany, in honour of the heroic fathers of Italian liberty, who had first drawn breath within their walls. Of these martyrs for freedom the noble Lucchese, Burlamacchi, was one of the worthiest for loftiness of aim and zeal in working out a righteous purpose. Born at Lucca, at the close of the thirteenth century, he saw the Tuscan republics fallen or falling into slavery and degradation, their every germ of liberty gradually lopped away, and their morals artfully corrupted by the tyrants who swayed them. Pondering earnestly and sorrowfully upon the grievous condition of his country, he conceived a bold, yet skilful, plan of simultaneous attack upon her despotic rulers, and of a subsequent league, offensive and defensive, of the Tuscan cities which should resist the efforts of the expelled foe to return and subject them once more to the iron yoke. One of the sons of the celebrated Florentine banker and statesman, Filippo Strozzi, who had recently perished, immured by Duke Cosmo dei Medici, in a dungeon at Florence, was deeply implicated in the plot, as well as many other men of note of the period. When the enterprise was all but ripe, a treacherous confederate revealed the whole to the Medicen tyrant: Burlamacchi was arrested by the authorities of his native city, trembling in dastardly fear lest Cosmo's ally and fellow-tyrant, Charles V., should avenge on them the offence of their townsman. They imprisoned their high-hearted countryman, loaded him with chains, and repeatedly tortured him with the most refined barbarity, to extort confession from him, but to no purpose. At length, after refusing to deliver him into the hands of the Medici, they gave him up to the emperor's government at Milan, by whom, after more months of duress, he was publicly beheaded, and thus wrote with his life-blood his name first on the roll of those who made a stand against the shameful and intolerable load which, for more than three centuries, burdened the fairest portion of the beautiful peninsula.

The attitude and costume of the statue are extremely simple, and the heavy folds of the wide mantle have a becoming and dignified grace, as the figure, in its colossal proportions of nearly ten feet high, stands thoughtfully, leaning with one hand on its long cross-handled sword, and with the other meditatively raised, and lightly laid against the breast. The head, with its highly characteristic portrait-face, deep eyes, massively cut brow, and slender compressed lips, bends slightly forwards and downwards, looking out dreamily sad, as if the future martyr's mind were darkened by a shadow of that terrible torture and death—to which, as he declared in his replies to the interrogating judges, he had "long accustomed himself to look, as to the too probable consequence of his efforts in a holy cause." Executed in marble, this statue will assuredly become one of the chief ornaments of the dainty little city in which took place all but the last scene of the tragedy.

Another work of much merit, not yet put into marble, is a group of 'Eve and her two infant sons.' The conception embodied in it is very new, and no less poetical. The mother of mankind reclines upon the ground, on the fell of some wild beast, her left arm passed round the shoulder of Cain, who sits crouched beside her knee, while the little Abel, still almost a baby, leans laughing against her bosom, and tries to hide his face under the wavy folds of his mother's hair. Cain, meanwhile, jealous of the fuller measure of love which he supposes to be his brother's share, glances up at him with a face darkened by jealous anger, and tries to draw his shoulder away from the loving clasp of his mother's hand, while all his little body seems to shrink and quiver with spiteful envy, at the favour bestowed on the younger born. The antagonism of feeling in the two children is exceedingly effective, and cleverly contrasted with the smiling repose of the mother. Indeed, Signor Cambi is especially happy in his portraiture of childish life: witness the two charming companion statues of the little 'Masaniello,' and 'Cupid gone a-begging.' The former is, every inch of him, the bold, robust, fun-loving, quick-witted Lazzarone urchin, his scanty drawers scarce covering his sturdy limbs to mid-thigh, and the Phrygian bonnet set impudently askant on his clustering curls. One hand holds his little coil of net, all dripping from the sunny sea, as, standing barefoot on the warm, smooth sand, he gripes with the other round the gills, a luckless little fish, panting with outspread fins, and gazes into its distended eyes with a comical expression of mixed curiosity and delight on his dimpled face, which is so vivid, as almost to convey to the eye the feeling of colour.

'Love gone a-begging' (*Amore mendico*) is nearly as irresistible as its pendant, in the hypocritical humility and coaxing smirk with which the roguish little deity holds out his hand for an alms, keeping his wings the while artfully folded close to his shoulders, and his fateful dart concealed from the eye of his charitable dupe. The figures are of life-size.

Another pair of statues, on a similar scale, but with somewhat less of attraction, are the tipsy 'Boy-Bacchus,' and 'Chloe listening to the song of the sea-shell.' The former is in the possession of Count Alberti, of Florence; the latter was purchased by Prince Demidoff for the fountain in the conservatory of his Villa of San Donato, near Florence.

Signor Cambi is at present engaged on a statue of the Magdalen, for one of the niches in the new facade of the church of Santa Croce. The figure, which is as yet hardly sketched in the clay, will be entirely draped, with clasped hands, and hair falling over the shoulders; but as yet it would be hardly fair to criticise its artistic merit. There is also another small clay model, recently executed, of a group representing Italy uniting the Genius of Art to that of Arms. It embodies the idea of that auspicious fusion between the more warlike north and the more polished and refined central provinces of the new kingdom of Italy, which is the hope and aim of all true Italian patriots.

An ideal bust of 'Fiammetta, the Lady of Boccaccio's love,' the fair daughter of the king of Naples, at whose gay and dissipated court the great Tuscan *novellista* long resided, demands a word of notice. The beautiful princess holds, softly pressed against her bosom, the volume in which her lover has handed her perfections down to succeeding generations under the graceful *nom de carese* of Fiammetta. The half-closed eyes are dreamily musing, and the whole face is more expressive of languid sweetness than of marked character or power. She is evidently thinking more of her love than of her lover. This bust has already been four times repeated.

In the great mass of building which forms the Accademia delle belle Arti, and which runs back from the Piazza San Marco nearly to the Piazza dell'Annunziata, is the studio of Professor Costoli, long a leading member of the Academy, and recently appointed one of its *Free Masters* under the changed régime which has followed the Tuscan revolution. Signor Costoli is at present engaged in the execution of a part of the splendid monument to Columbus, which is about to be erected in the great discoverer's native city of Genoa. The statue of Prudence and one of the four *basso relievi* which are to adorn the tomb have been allotted to his share. The *basso rilievo* represents Columbus planting the cross on the soil of America, while his companions,

kindling with contagious enthusiasm at the sight, and touched with remorse for their previous lack of faith and grudgingly-given aid in the great enterprise, earnestly entreat his pardon while kneeling before the holy symbol. Signor Costoli's model for the entire monument was not accepted by the Committee of Selection, but it has since been executed on a small scale in marble, on commission for an American gentleman. It consists of five figures pyramidally grouped. In the centre is Columbus, in executing whose face and figure Signor Costoli has faithfully adhered to an authentic portrait procured by Prince Demidoff from Spain, unveiling America to the other three quarters of the globe. Fronting the shy, half-crouching figure of her new-found sister, sits queenly Europe, tower-crowned and mantled, scanning her with thoughtful dignity as the lavish riches of a virgin soil roll boundlessly out of a cornucopia at the savage maiden's feet. At the back of Europe (for the respective geographical positions of the four quarters of the world are quaintly and cleverly preserved) stands Asia, majestic in stature, with costly jewelled robes and cascadelets of perfume beside her; and, lightly holding by one hand, Africa, a turbaned figure, replete with grace and character, reclines upon the ground in *nonchalant* languor, thus completing the circle.

Signor Costoli's statue of Menecæus, the noble Theban who died by his own hand to fulfil the oracle which demanded such a sacrifice at the hands of the Theban youth, for the saving of the city from the destruction wherewith she was threatened by the fury of her besiegers—is now nearly finished, but hardly tells its story as clearly and feelingly as could be wished. It might be supposed to represent any dying warrior on the battle-field or gladiator in the circus, as well as the Theban hero. The modelling and unaffected pose of the figure, however, are worthy of praise.

Here, too, all but complete, is a large and handsome monument to the memory of Count Guido della Gherardesca, a large-hearted philanthropist, and enlightened inaugurator of important agricultural improvements in his great estates in the Maremma. The subject of the figures, which are in *altissimo rilievo*, is Charity bidding a group of orphans strew crowns of flowers upon the grave beneath, while Agriculture, with sheaf and sickle laid sadly by, kneels beside them in sorrowful musing. This monument will be erected almost immediately in a small convent church, to which the late count was a benefactor, not far from the Porta San Gallo, at Florence.

But the chief attraction in Signor Costoli's studio is, perhaps, his monument to Madame de Vallabréne Catalani, the wonderful singer of European fame, whose powers, as opera-goers of forty years ago relate, have been equalled by not one among the queens of the stage who have succeeded her. This amiable lady resided for many years previously to her almost sudden death from cholera at Paris, in her beautiful villa in the neighbourhood of Florence, where her warm benevolence and kindness of disposition won her a full measure of love and esteem.

The design for her tomb, on which Signor Costoli is now engaged, consists of a central standing figure of St. Cecilia, "with eyes upraised, as one inspired," and on either hand a female figure seated. That on the right represents a recording angel clothed in long, sweeping drapery, who chronicles on the scroll which rests upon her knee the virtues of the dead; the one on the left hand is an eloquent embodiment of Trust in God (*Fiducia in Dio*), far more intense in feeling than the well-known statue bearing the same name, which was the work of the late sculptor Bartolini. In this beautiful figure of Signor Costoli's, the attitude is of the most simple, and the full expression of childlike and entire self-abandonment is thrown with rare power into the upturned face. The three figures will be nearly of life-size, but a small copy in marble of this very lovely *Fiducia in Dio* is being executed for Prince Carignano, the cousin of King Victor Emmanuel, and for many months of the past year resident in Florence as Prince Lieutenant of Tuscany. A bust of Madame Catalani, copied from one which strikingly renders her handsome and dignified features, will complete the monument, which is still in great part only in the clay, and is, I believe, intended to be placed in a church at Paris.

THEODOSIA TROLLOPE.

OBITUARY.

MR. SAMUEL COOK.

Misera this season from the walls of the gallery of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours the works of an artist, Mr. S. Cook, with which we had long been pleasantly familiar, and finding his name absent from the catalogue, we ascertained, on inquiry, that he had been dead nearly two years, though some pictures from his pencil were exhibited last year, with the announcement that they were by the late S. Cook; this had escaped our observation at the time, or at least our recollection when we entered the gallery again a month or two ago.

Though so long time has elapsed since his decease—he died June 7, 1859—Mr. Cook was an artist of too high a mark to deserve exclusion from our columns; we therefore gladly avail ourselves of some memoranda courteously sent us by a gentleman of Plymouth, the place where Cook resided, who knew him well, and was always interested in his doings and success.

His career furnishes another instance of the struggle of natural talent with adverse circumstances, and of its final triumph. He was born in 1806, in the village, or rather small town,—for prior to the Reform Bill, it sent burgesses to parliament,—of Camelford; where his mother conducted a bakehouse. Under the same roof a person kept a little day school, which, at an early age, he attended, and was taught reading and writing, the only education he ever received; yet as he grew up in life he cultivated his mind, and stored it with a large amount of information and knowledge. At the early age of nine he was apprenticed to a firm of woollen manufacturers at Camelford; part of his duty was to feed a machine, called "a scribbler," with wool; during the intervals of this labour he would amuse himself with making drawings, to stalk on the floor of the factory, to the annoyance of the foreman, and coming out of the owners to prophesy, "that they will never be fit for anything but a limner."

—and a "limner" he ultimately became, though through much difficulty and strange progressive labour, such as painting signs for publicans, scenes for itinerant peep-showmen, and graining wood: after his apprenticeship expired he went to Plymouth, and there engaged himself as assistant to a painter and glazier, whom he afterwards left to commence business on his own account.

Every hour he could spare from his mechanical labour was now devoted to sketching from nature, especially about the quays of Plymouth, and by the sea-side; and though these early examples of his pencil manifested timidity as to colour, they exhibited also great truth, and as his knowledge and experience increased his power advanced with them. Among those who interested themselves at this time in his progress, and helped in various ways to lead him on, were Colonel Hamilton Smith, Mr. Nightwick, the architect, the late Lady Morley, the late Duke of Devonshire, and the family of Earl Mount Edgumbe.

About the year 1850 he sent some probationary drawings to the New Water Colour Society, of which he was desirous of becoming a member; they at once procured him admission, and from that period till the time of his death he was a regular contributor to the gallery in Pall Mall, though the number of his works, in the aggregate, is not large, as his business, which, we believe, was never entirely relinquished, occupied much of his time and thoughts.

Mr. Cook's drawings are chiefly coast scenes, but he executed also several inland views. Always weak as a colourist, and especially so when his pictures hung in juxtaposition with some of the deep-toned works of his contemporaries, where, as a consequence, they were little likely to attract general observation, there was yet in them such quiet, simple truth, and so much real artistic feeling united with skilful manipulation, that it was impossible to study them and not be convinced they were the productions of one possessing refined taste, poetical conception, knowledge of natural effects, and sound judgment in the management of subject-matter. The men best qualified to give an opinion are the men who have recorded the highest eulogium on his labours.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE GODDESS OF DISCORD.

Engraved by T. A. Prior.

This picture exhibits the artist's practice in the phase with which the public is least familiar. In his earlier time Turner occasionally displayed his powers in competition, as it were, with some of the great ancient painters, of whom Claude was the chief; here, he seems to have made Nicolo Poussin his rival, and certainly the work would not have caused a single leaf to fall from the wreath of honour that decks the brow of that fine old landscape-painter, if he had been its author. There are, however, portions of it which remind us of the other Poussin—Gaspar; those huge massive rocks in the distance, and the forms of the heavy rolling clouds, belong rather to him, when in his stormy moods, than to his brother-in-law, Nicolo. The foliage of the trees, the shrubs, and herbage, have all the conventional touch we see in the works of these elder painters. But what would summarily attract notice in this picture, with those who are acquainted only with Turner's later paintings, are the figures, so unlike his in general, true in drawing, classical in conception, pointedly expressive in action, and picturesquely distributed.

As a composition, the subject is more poetically treated than any Turner's great prototypes have left us; it shows a grand combination of landscape material; a clear, deep, and tranquil stream in the foreground, skirted by broken banks, rocky, yet clothed with shrubs and green verdure, and partially shadowed by noble forest-trees; beyond, a valley of great beauty, flanked by gigantic mountains of rock, through which a gloomy pass appears to lead to some dreary locality of mysterious significance. Stretching his scaly length on the barren height overlooking the pass, is the huge dragon Ladon, which, according to the fable, was the dread guardian of the valley wherein grew the golden fruit.

The mythological story that has given a name to this picture,—it was called in the Catalogue of the British Institution, when exhibited there in 1806, 'The Goddess of Discord choosing the Apple of Contention in the Garden of Hesperides'—is thus related by writers:—The goddess, to resent the slight she had received by not being invited to the marriage-feast of Peleus and Thetis, procured one of the apples from the garden, and writing upon it, *Detur pulchriori*—"Let it be given to the most beautiful"—threw it among the guests assembled at the banquet. Juno, Minerva, and Venus, each claimed it as her right respectively, and a dispute arose between them. Jupiter, to settle the difference, and restore tranquillity, decided that Paris, son of Priam, and a shepherd of Mount Ida, should be judge. The three claimants went to him, and he awarded the coveted prize to Venus, who had promised him for his wife the most beautiful of terrestrial women, Helen, Queen of Sparta—a marriage from which resulted the Trojan war, the destruction of Troy, and all the numberless calamities that befel the contending nations, as sung by Homer and Virgil. In the foreground of Turner's picture, Discordia is seen receiving from the hand of one of the Hesperides the fruit which occasioned so much disaster.

It requires no great exercise of imagination oftentimes to associate many of these fabulous narratives with the early history of the world as we read it in the sacred writings; it seems as if some vague traditions of Jewish record had come down to the place and time of the old Greek poets and historians, and that upon them they had formed their own theories, facts, or narratives. Numerous examples might be brought forward in support of such an opinion, and among them the story of the garden of the Hesperides and the golden fruit growing therein is certainly one. We seem to recognise in it a shadowy resemblance to the history of the Fall, as given in the Mosiac account, the Garden of Eden being symbolised by the beautiful garden of the Hesperides—

"There eternal summer dwells,
And inert winds with murky wing
About the colden alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells!"

the tree bearing the golden fruit by the "tree of

knowledge of good and evil;" the dragon-warrior of the garden by the "cherubim with the flaming sword;" and the results which followed the possession of the apple by Discordia may be compared, relatively, with those that succeeded to the disobedience of our first parents.

The picture is in the National Gallery.

ART-UNION SOCIETIES.

As a matter which it is within our province to notice, rather than as one of any especial interest or of any real benefit to Art, we report the proceedings of two societies of recent formation,—the "Art-Union of England," and the "National Art-Union."

The former of these is the elder; it has now reached its second year of existence, but appears to be in a far less healthy and promising condition than it was at the end of its first year, when it was enabled to distribute prizes to the amount of £415, which reached £651, from the additional sums paid by prizeholders out of their pockets for the works they selected. At the second annual meeting of subscribers, held the last week in May, at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street, the secretary, Mr. Bell Smith, announced that the subscriptions of the year had reached only £665 3s. 6d., which, after deducting for expenses of management, and 5 per cent. for the reserve fund, left but £260 available for the purchase of pictures; of this sum, it was proposed to allot £30 for one prize, £25 for another, and £20 to each of two prizes, the balance to be distributed in prizes of £10, £7, and £5.

The other society, the "National Art-Union," was founded this year; the subscribers held their first annual meeting in the large room of the Whitlington Club, Arundel Street, in the last week of May also. The report presented a more cheering aspect than that of the preceding, for the amount subscribed was stated to be £1,460, of which about one-half was available for distribution in prizes, consisting of one at £50, two at £25, four at £15, ten at £10, and the rest of drawings purchased by the Council, of Parian figures, inkstands, vases, tazas, photographs, &c.; these last numbered about 467, exclusive of 100 sets of tickets for next year; so that, taking the entire list of subscribers at 5,840—the number stated—one out of each ten was entitled to a prize. The report added that Mr. Fied, A.R.A. had promised to produce a picture for next season's distribution, and other artists of high standing had volunteered to place their talents at the disposal of the society.

Now, with every desire to aid, to the utmost of our power, whatever will encourage Art or benefit artists, we are utterly at a loss to conceive what advantage is held out to either by the operations of the institutions just spoken of, which jointly are the purchasers of thirty-eight paintings, of the assumed aggregate value of £520, but averaging little more than £13 each, while the highest does not rise beyond £50. Granted that price is no true test of quality, still it must be obvious that such encouragement as is here held out is of a very questionable character, and would be recognised as such by almost every artist. Painters whose names stand well before the public are out of the reach of the subscribers, who, as a class, are incapable of judging between good Art and bad, and therefore choose just what pleases their fancy, and, generally, the works of men who would have done better in any other business of life than that they follow. Objections are not unfrequently made against long-established and more wealthy societies of this kind, that they do little or nothing to advance Art; and if the arguments used against them are at all valid, how much more so in the case of these young and attenuated institutions? which, with all the care and fostering of their projectors, have only a lifeless and profitless state of being, and which cost as much to keep alive as is spent on what is designed to be their especial object. If the Art-patronage of the public by means of Art-Unions is to be made really serviceable to Art, it can only be by a well-directed effort through one channel; if this is diverted by numerous small cuttings, the result must inevitably be, that the main river becomes low and barren, and profitless to all.



T. A. PRIOR. SCULPT.

THE GODDESS OF DISCORD.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

J. M. W. TURNER. R. A. PINX.



DR. DRESSER'S PROCESS OF NATURE-PRINTING.

At this particular season of the year we are made deeply sensible of the beauty of nature, for ten thousand forms present themselves in the new-born herbage, which are of surpassing loveliness. While we rest beneath the outspread arms of the towering tree we have above us a tissue of the rarest beauty, formed of the living foliage; and when we wander across the moor we tread down beauty more abundant than Art ever produced; the garden is full of exquisite forms, and the conservatory stores up the most graceful shapes; but, alas!—

"All things are changing; look at the flowers,
The radiant children of summer hours,
In matchless splendour they bud and bloom,
And the air is filled with their rich perfume;
Then to the influence of decay
They yield their splendours and pass away."

When impressed with the loveliness of surrounding nature we have all regretted that its forms are so fleeting, and have many times wished that even the aspect of nature's beauties could be registered with fidelity, in order that we might renew our delight by the repeated observation of the beautiful forms that surround us.

Thousands of scenes of the most delightful character have been registered by photography before they had for ever passed; and by this agency Messrs. Negretti and Zambra have brought to our homes some of the rarest treasures, by which we have become familiar with the tropical Paradise of our earth. Yet we need not wander abroad in order to find lovely forms, for the leaf of the most familiar tree is replete with beauty; and if we but learn fully to appreciate the loveliness of those natural forms which we may daily see, our life might become a perpetuity of happiness. The time has not long passed in which a plant was regarded as unworthy of notice if it had not a beautiful flower; but now things are altered; for ferns adorn our drawing-rooms, and their feathery forms are nursed with the tenderest care. And just and right it is that these most lovely objects should be cherished by those whose attention is a manifestation of affection and love, for their forms are indescribably beautiful. The neglect which ferns once experienced arose from the want of power to appreciate form; but, happily, the feeling that enables us to admire form as well as colour has shared in the genial advancement which has of late years been made, and now the mind can discover the presence of meritorious features in objects once passed unnoticed, and thus we become, by education, susceptible of a new delight.

The process to which we now call attention is one by which images of our beautiful foliage may be taken by any who have leisure, and choose to devote an hour or two to the registration of the beautiful forms of our leaves. It commends itself by its simplicity, and the results gained are of the most charming character; so much so, that could the reader look through the vast collection of leaves which Dr. Dresser possesses, produced by the process now about to be unfolded, we think that the beauty of the representation, and the loveliness of the forms of the leaf, would lead all to make some effort to possess such objects of interest.

The Vienna process of "nature-printing," worked in England by Mr. Bradbury, has achieved much, and has produced results of the most admirable character; but the process necessitates the use of dried vegetable specimens in order to the production of the image. While this is, at least, no drawback in the case of ferns, and is, perhaps, even an advantage, yet it strongly militates against the process in the case of many other plants. In order to meet this difficulty, Dr. Dresser suggested an "Improved Nature-Printing" process, which he patented, in conjunction with Dr. Lyon Playfair, in which impressions are taken from the living plant, which, in conjunction with the former process, it is hoped, will yet be of considerable value to the world; but, owing to the number of Dr. Dresser's engagements, he has not been enabled to bring his process before the world in the manner we hope he will shortly do.

The simple process we are now about to describe is that which leads to the conception of the "im-

proved nature-printing" process, but its results must not be underrated on account of its simplicity. A sheet of foolscap writing-paper should be provided, a handful of fine cotton wool, a piece of nainsook or mull muslin, one or more tubes of common oil-paint (according to the colour required), a little sweet-oil, and a quantity of smooth, soft, cartridge paper, or, better, plate-paper. Having placed the sheet of foolscap paper, while doubled (the two thicknesses making it a little softer), on a smooth table, squeeze from the tube about as much oil-colour as would cover a shilling, and place this on one corner of the sheet of foolscap; now form a "dabber," by enclosing a quantity of the cotton-wool in two thicknesses of the muslin, and tying it up so as to give it roundness of form. Take up a portion of the oil paint from the corner of the paper with the dabber, and by dabbing give the central portion of the sheet of foolscap a coat of colour. This dabbing may be continued for half an hour or more with advantage, taking a small quantity more colour when the paper becomes dry; two or three drops of sweet oil may now be added to the paper, and distributed by the aid of the dabber, if the colour is thick, when the paper will be fully prepared for use.

The paper may be left for an hour or two after being first coated with colour without injury, and, indeed, this delay is favourable, for until the paper becomes impregnated with oil, the results derived are not so favourable as they become after the paper is more fully enriched with this material. While the colour is soaking into the paper, a number of leaves should be gathered which are perfect in form and free from dust; and these can be kept fresh by placing them in an earthenware pan, the bottom of which is covered with a damp cloth, but it will be well to place a damp cloth over the orifice of the pan also. Selecting a woolly or hairy leaf, place it on the painted portion of the sheet of foolscap, and dab it with the dabber till it acquires the colour of the paint used; this being done, turn the leaf over, and dab the other side; now lift it from the paint paper by the stalk, and place it with care between a folded portion of the "plate" or "cartridge" paper, and if the stalk of the leaf appears to be in the way, cut it off with a pair of scissors; now bring down the upper portion of the folded piece of paper upon the leaf, and rub the paper externally with the finger or a soft rag, bringing the paper thus in contact with every portion of the leaf. If the paper is now opened, and the leaf removed, a beautiful impression of both sides of the leaf will be found remaining. In like manner impressions of any tolerably flat leaves can be taken, but harsh leaves will be found most difficult, and should hence be avoided by the beginner. While the paper is yet rich in colour, downy leaves should be chosen; but colour may at any moment be added, care being always taken to distribute the paint evenly over the paper, with the dabber, before the latter is applied to the leaf; and the dabber is always renewed from the painted paper till the colour is exhausted, when the paper is again replenished from the reserve in the corner.

As the colour on the paper becomes less and less in quantity, smoother leaves may be employed; and when the paper seems to be almost wholly without paint, the smoothest leaves will prove successful, for these require extremely little colour. The dabber should be firm, neither very hard nor soft, and rather larger than a five shilling piece, and we find the colours prepared by Mr. Roberson, of Long Acre, better for this purpose than any others we have tried. Should the natural colour of the leaf be desired, it can be got by using paint of the colour required; but, in many cases, purely artificial tints produce the most pleasing and artistic results; thus burnt sienna gives a very pleasing red tint, and of all colours this will be found to work with the greatest ease.

By the process now described the most beautiful results can be gained; but the effect will be better if, when the impression is being rubbed off, the leaf, together with the paper in which it is enclosed, is placed on something soft, as half a quire of blotting paper, or one of De la Rue's writing-pads. Should the first attempt not prove very satisfactory, a little experience will be found to be all that is required, and now the most common leaf will be seen to have a form of the most lovely character.

Collections of leaves of forest trees will prove of the deepest interest, or of all the species which we have of any kind of plant; thus, if the leaves of the black, red, American, and golden currant, be printed, together with that of the gooseberry, all of which belong to one botanical genus or group, the variation or modification of the form will be seen to be of the deepest interest. In no way with which we are acquainted can the eye be more readily cultivated in relation to form: in a very short time the most minute delicacies and differences can be perceived, and the power of perception will become gradually refined and extended.

We recommend this art especially to our lady readers, for Dr. Dresser has initiated several ladies of the court into the mysteries of this simple art; he also brings it before the students of his numerous class at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere in a practical manner, where he invariably finds that the deepest interest is taken in the process.

Mr. Searle, of the Stationery Court, in the Crystal Palace, has prepared a very neat little portable case containing the requisite apparatus. With the assistance of this, leaves can be printed in the wood, or by the hedge-side.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

ANTWERP.—The Approaching Art-Congress.—Great exertions are being made to give unusual interest and importance to the exhibition which will be opened in this city in the month of August. Artists of all nations, and especially those of our own country, are invited to contribute their works and to be present at the Art-festival or congress that is to be held on the 19th and 20th of the month, in the council-room of the *Cercle Artistique, Littéraire, et Scientifique*. The questions proposed for general discussion have reference to the material, artistic, and philosophical interests of Art generally. From a programme of the proposed meeting which has been forwarded to us by the committee, we learn that "the foreign artists, arriving in a body, will be received at the station by commissaries," on the 17th, when they will afterwards meet at the *Cercle*, to proceed to the Town-house, where they will have an official reception. On the following day—which, by the way, happens to be Sunday, and, therefore, may be a bar to the presence of many British artists—there will be a general meeting at the *Cercle*, whence the visitors and members proceed in a body to the exhibition; in the afternoon a banquet is to be given to the foreigners by the inhabitants of the city; and in the evening a grand *fête champêtre*, in which the Royal Harmonic Society is to assist. Monday is to open with a "solemn and public sitting held by the members of the Royal Academy of Antwerp, to be followed by a visit to the Museum, and in the afternoon the congress takes place; in the evening a concert will be given. On Tuesday, the 20th, the congress again assembles in the morning; at noon a meeting takes place at the *Cercle*, in order to visit the monuments and curiosities of Antwerp; in the evening a concert is to be given at the Royal Zoological Gardens; at a later hour the "Festivities of the Town" take place, and the whole festival is brought to a conclusion on the same evening by a "Farewell Meeting" at the *Cercle*. There are certainly strong inducements here held out to tempt our artists over to the noble old city, and there is little doubt that many will avail themselves of it; at any rate, we hope the British school of Art will be adequately represented at the exhibition. The circular forwarded to us from Antwerp states that Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., Sir E. Landseer, R.A., Messrs. D. Roberts, R.A., and T. L. Donaldson, constitute the committee in London, and that Messrs. O. Delepierre and Louis Haghe are the secretaries, for carrying out the object of the "Artistic Congress."

PARIS.—An order has been presented to the Corps Legislatif, authorizing a credit of 4,800,000 fr. for the purchase of the "Musée Campana." It is said that this museum is to be placed by itself in the Louvre, under the title of "Musée Napoléon III." The Comte de Nieuwerkerke went to Rome to conclude this important purchase. Part of the collection was ceded to England, and part to Russia. —The English Universal Exhibition of next year is the great talk among our artists, who wait impatiently for the programme which is to direct their choice, and the installation of the jury.—A diptych of ivory was purchased for the Louvre from the Soltikoff collection, for the sum of 32,000 fr. This object was offered to the commissioners about five or six years ago for 4,000 fr.

THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

On the fifth of last month the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society opened their new gardens at South Kensington with a grand *fête*, which was honoured with the presence of the Prince Consort and a numerous party of members of the royal family, and at which a very large assemblage of visitors was brought together. The whole affair proved a great success, and was rendered the more decidedly satisfactory by the circumstance that the very incomplete condition of the gardens was altogether overcome by the excellence of the arrangements. These new gardens are situated immediately to the west of South Kensington Museum, and immediately to the south of them the new buildings for the Great Exhibition of next year are in course of erection; thus they constitute an important component of a group of institutions of peculiar interest. The ground occupied by the gardens is oblong in form, its extent being twenty-two acres, and the whole is enclosed by arcades connected with the great conservatory, which afford a walk, sheltered at all times from wind and rain, of three-quarters of a mile in extent, overlooking the gardens. It is intended to form a second walk upon the roof of these arcades, having raised pavilions at intervals; and by this means, accordingly, there will be promenades at two levels, encircling the gardens, and offering the alternative of walking either under cover or in the open air.

The nature of the ground which the council of the society found at their disposal, rendered it necessary for them to adopt such a system of plans as would imply the adoption of the Italian style of garden arrangement and decoration, and thus they were naturally led to adopt the same style for their architectural works. The artistic treatment of both gardens and buildings, therefore, is Italian; and certainly the style has been treated with considerable skill, so that the society may legitimately boast of having constructed at South Kensington precisely such arcades as might have arisen, with characteristic propriety, at Rome itself. The works are chiefly of brick, with stone dressings, the columnar portions having been executed in terra-cotta by Mr. Blanchard, after the designs of Mr. Godfrey Sykes, by whom also the capitals have been designed and modelled in the same most effective material. The arcades themselves are the productions in part of Mr. Sydney Smirke, R.A., and in part of Captain Powke, R.E., the south arcades being by the engineer-architect, who has based his designs upon the Cloisters of St. John Lateran, at Rome; the Villa Albani, also in the eternal city, has served as a model for these highly interesting arcades. The brickwork and the terra-cottas alike claim from us a warm expression of commendation; and we noticed with especial satisfaction that, in addition to the parts of the works that have been already completed, or are now rapidly advancing towards completion, there are abundant opportunities for the future addition of further decorative accessories, which will appear to be the consistent and becoming developments of the existing decorations. Mosaic inlays have been introduced into the brickwork with good effect—and, indeed, so effective is what has already been done in this department of decoration, that we should be glad to see much additional mosaic work.

The conservatory and the water-displays, with the band-houses, will not fail to reward the attentive study of visitors. The water-displays will possess this most excellent feature—that they will be in constant action, and thus will take their proper place in the permanent attractions of the gardens. The conservatory has been planned with great care, and in all the most minute details it has been most successfully constructed. It is a beautiful object in itself, and provides with equal efficiency for the culture and for the display of its contents. The awnings affording shade from the sun are worthy of particular notice: they are in stripes of brown and red of peculiar tints, which produce a happy effect. Similar awnings are placed in some of the arches of the arcades; and, we may add, some of these arches are (and many others will eventually be) glazed. The only point connected

with the conservatory that appears to us to be doubtful, is the colour with which it has been painted. It is a very pale green; and certainly the effect is not such as to convince the eye that this is the right hue for it; at any rate, we are of opinion that the pale green requires relief by the free introduction of a rich subdued red. This noble conservatory is 270 feet long, 75 feet high, and 100 feet in width. Terra-cotta cloisters are connected with the conservatory, which greatly enhance its effectiveness. They are the works of Mr. Sykes and Mr. Blanchard.

Captain Powke has designed and superintended the erection of the various buildings that are required by the council of the society for their own use, as well as the conservatory, the arcades, &c., and these buildings, which include a noble hall, claim their own share of that general commendation we have pleasure in awarding to the entire establishment. Now may the garden arrangements be overlooked by us, since they have a just title to be included in the Art-aspect of the works. They have been produced by Mr. Nesfield—the able superintendent of the actual gardening being Mr. Eyles, formerly head gardener at the Crystal Palace.

Such is the institution that has grown up so rapidly in western London, and which promises to contribute in so happy a manner to the most healthful enjoyment of the residents in those favoured regions, and, in a subordinate degree, to the gratification of the public at large. These new gardens enjoy the most eminent patronage, and possess rare advantages; they may, and we believe they will, fully realize the highest expectations of their friends and supporters, and we shall always watch with cordial satisfaction their increasing attractiveness and their growing popularity.

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.

ON our occasional visits to the Crystal Palace we are not surprised to find the picture gallery forming a principal attraction to the numerous frequenters of that favourite place of resort, for there is always much in the gallery to interest the public generally, though little, perhaps, to satisfy the connoisseur and critic. Pictures of first-rate quality must not be expected there—other and more eligible means of sale, as it is thought, are open for works of such a class: still, out of the thousand paintings and drawings hung at Sydenham, are many which are far from contemptible. Then, too, the aspect of the gallery is continually changing, for as soon as a picture is sold,—and this is a daily occurrence,—it is taken away and another placed in its room.

This season has produced numerous novelties, both from the easels of British and foreign painters, especially of the latter. Glancing down the roll of the catalogue, we find, among the former, works by names more or less favourably known in our metropolitan exhibition rooms.—Lucy, J. F. Herring, Niemann, Collins, De Fleury, Hulme, Underhill, Williams, Cary, Collins, Haghe, Perigal, Miss E. Osborn, Percy, Cole, Wingfield, Horsley, A.R.A., Vickers, Moore, Carmichael, Grönlund, Shayer, G. D. Leslie, Etty, C. J. Lewis, Lance, Hopley, Pyne, Callow, Holland, A. Cooper, R.A., J. J. Hill, Mrs. E. M. Ward, Montague, T. Creswick, R.A., Selous, Lucas, Fisk, Houston, Duval, and numerous others. The foreign schools are, perhaps, better represented than our own; and the exhibition of water-colour drawings is, comparatively, meritorious. The activity and judgment of Mr. Warr, the superintendent of the gallery, have been of infinite service in securing so favourable a collection, and in arranging the pictures on the walls. In addition to the paintings, numerous examples of sculpture are placed in the gallery; these are by Baily, R.A., Bell, Durham, Earle, W. Geefs, of Brussels, Wichmann, of Berlin, Physick, Willis Brothers, Fontana, Munro, and others.

The council of the Manchester Shilling Art-Union has, we are informed, selected twenty pictures from the gallery to be distributed as prizes to their subscribers of the current year.

PICTURE SALES.

THE sale, by Messrs. Christie & Co., of the well-known gallery of ancient and modern pictures, the property of the late Mr. Charles Scarsbrick, of Scarsbrick Hall, and Wroughton Hall, Lancashire, commenced on the 13th of May. The sale, including the objects of *certu*, occupied six days, with an interval of nearly a week between each two days. We select from the pictures the most prominent examples:—'Landscape,' Hobbema, an admirable specimen of the master, from Mr. Dawson Turner's Collection, 440 gs.—we could not ascertain the name of the purchaser; 'Landscape,' with two female peasants, one of whom is milking a goat, cattle and goats on the banks of a stream, N. Berghem, 300 gs. (Earl Dudley); 'Italian Landscape,' with peasants, cattle, and mules crossing a ford, Jan Both, 164 gs. (Pearce); 'Portrait of a Lady,' in a green velvet jacket trimmed with fur, and red petticoat, from Mr. Theobald's collection, Metzru, 260 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); 'A Woody Landscape,' with a stag-hunt, from the Vertolck collection, Van der Heyden and A. Van der Velde, 100 gs. (Eckford); 'Landscape,' cavaliers and ladies, with attendants, on a road, Wynants, the figures by Lingelbach, 123 gs. (Mainwaring); 'Italian Landscape,' banditti attacking a waggon, De Heusch, the figures by Lingelbach, 106 gs. (Anthony); 'A Garden Scene,' with numerous domestic birds, Hondecoeter, 140 gs. (Coleman); 'Sea-piece,' W. Van der Velde, 232 gs. (Haines); 'A Terrace,' with a gentleman in a black dress, seated, conversing with a lady, who holds a child in her arms, Gonzales Coques, 245 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); 'A Lady,' in a red dress, drawing from a bust, Van der Neer, from the Saltmarke collection, 155 gs. (Coleman); 'Italian River Scene,' with buildings on a height, from which a cascade is falling, N. Berghem, figures by Wouvermans, 195 gs. (Pearce); 'Landscape,' small,—a peasant woman, seated, nursing her child, a man playing a hurdy-gurdy, cows, sheep, and goats, from Sir T. Baring's collection, N. Berghem, 230 gs.; 'Italian Landscape,' a woman milking a cow, a man holding its horns; a woman milking a goat, cattle and sheep reposing around, N. Berghem, 165 gs. (Smart); 'An Interior,' a lady in a red dress holding some drapery near a fireplace, a child at an open door, through which the sunshine streams, a beautiful example of De Hooghe's pencil, 420 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); 'A Woody Scene,' with a ruined building of red brick on the bank of a stream, a woman spreading linen to dry, Ruysdael, 215 gs. (Graham); 'The Manège,' a cavalier on a white horse, before a stable, at the door of which a gentleman and a boy are standing, a groom with a bay horse on the right, from Lord Townsend's collection, A. Van der Velde, 203 gs. (Pearce); 'The Fête of the Open Fisheries,' A. Cuyp, 103 gs. (Smart). The first day's sale reached £7,250.

The pictures offered on the second day included:—'A Calm off the Dutch Coast,' W. Van der Velde, from the Redleaf Collection, at the sale of which it realized 215 gs., it was now sold for 620 gs. (Birch); 'Italian Landscape,' with peasants keeping cows and sheep, near a Roman monument, N. Berghem, 145 gs. (Mainwaring); 'The Pedlar,' Victor, or, as he is sometimes called, Fictor, 120 gs. (Smart); 'View near Dort,' A. Cuyp, 270 gs. (Smart); this picture was sold, at the dispersion of the Saltmarke Collection, for 101 gs.; 'An Italian Landscape,' with a woman on horseback, a peasant, and mules on a road near a wooden bridge, Jan Both, 170 gs. (Van Cuycke); 'An Italian Landscape,' with a female peasant nursing her child, N. Berghem, from Mr. Annesley's Collection, 250 gs. (Haines); 'Landscape,' with groups of soldiers resting on the ground, P. Wouvermans, 260 gs. (Pearce); 'The Church and Statue of Venice,' Canaletti, 220 gs. (Mainwaring); 'Landscape,' with groups of trees on each bank of a clear stream, Ruysdael, 195 gs. (Woodin); 'Landscape,' with figures descending a hilly road, cattle crossing a ford, Wynants, from Mr. Harman's Collection, 350 gs. (Birch); 'Skirmish between Banditti and Travelers,' Pynaker, 150 gs. (Birch); 'The Pasture,' with a woman in a red jacket milking a cow on the banks of a river, A. Cuyp, 400 gs. (Ripp); 'The Water-Mill,' among a group of oak trees, Ruysdael, 200 gs. (Tayloure); 'Italian Landscape,' with peasants, cattle, and mules,

Jan Both, 300 gs. (Birch); 'Portrait of a Man in an Oriental Dress,' Rembrandt, 145 gs. (Durlacher); 'Landscape,' with a chateau on the bank of a river, which falls in a cascade between rocks in the foreground, Ruysdael, 340 gs. (Tayleure); 'Garden Scene,' with a dead doe and heron, a monkey eating grapes, and a dog looking on, Weenix, 150 gs. (Woodin); 'A Landscape,' upright, a rapid river falling among rocks, Ruysdael, 270 gs. (Woodin); 'Noli me tangere,' Barocci, 720 gs. (Beaumont); 'Village Group at a Cottage Door,' a peasant in a brown cloak playing the hurdy-gurdy, Ostade, 470 gs. (Earl Dudley); 'Portrait of Count Olivarez,' in a black silk dress, Velasquez, from the Altamira Gallery, and subsequently in that of Colonel Hugh Baillie, 250 gs. (King); 'The Grand Canal, Venice,' with a gondola race in the Carnival, Canaletti, 310 gs. (purchaser's name not announced); 'St. James,' in the attitude of prayer, Guido, 1,250 gs. (Graves); 'Landscape,' with a stream falling in two rills between rocks, Ruysdael, 1,250 gs. (Birch); 'The Daughter of Herodias,' Leonardo da Vinci, from the Barbarini palace, Rome, 370 gs. (Bromley). The amount of this day's sale reached £13,126.

The third day's sale of pictures presented few features worth especial notice; the most remarkable, perhaps, is the low price at which some of John Martin's grand and poetical compositions were knocked down: for example, 'Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still,' 450 gs. (Durlacher); 'The Deluge,' 150 gs. (Durlacher); 'Fall of Nineveh,' 205 gs. (Durlacher); all of these are engraved; there were several other works of the same painter, including the noble pastoral scene, suggested by the first verse of Gray's "Elegy,"—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

but not one reached the sum of a hundred guineas, and the majority sold for considerably less than that; so low is the estimate formed by modern collectors of the genius of one of the most original and poetical painters of any age or country. The only other pictures demanding notice were—'View of a Town on the Rhine,' with figures and cattle in the foreground—a passing storm, Koekkoek, 135 gs. (Flatou); 'The Mouth of the Thames,' a hay-barge under sail in a fresh breeze, E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 100 gs. (Flatou). The day's sale amounted to nearly £3,500.

An unusually fine collection of works by the old painters, gathered from different sources, some of them from Saltram House,—was disposed of by Messrs. Christie and Co., on the 1st of June. The pictures which attracted the especial notice of buyers were—'Portrait of Leo X.,' painted on slate by Sebastian del Piombo, from the Earl of Pembroke's gallery, 295 gs. (Tayleure); 'Fête Champêtre,' Watteau, 160 gs. (Gritten); 'Sea View,' with a yacht in front, and a man-of-war in the distance, W. Van der Velde, 380 gs. (Willis); 'Diana and Calisto,' N. Berghem, the figures, life-size, are said to be portraits of the painter's wife and sister, 140 gs. (Flower); 'Sea View,' a fine picture by Van der Capella, 250 gs. (Tayleure); 'Dedalus and Icarus,' Van Dyck, engraved, and formerly in the collection of Mr. E. W. Lake, 140 gs. (Watts); 'Flowers,' Rachel Ruzeh, from the Redleaf collection, 140 gs. (Parker); 'A Fresh Breeze,' W. Van der Velde, 250 gs. (Gritten); 'Sea View, Amsterdam in the distance,' Backhuysen, from the collection of Colonel Hugh Baillie, 200 gs. (Baillie); 'Italian Scene,' Karel du Jardin, from the Mount-calm gallery, 225 gs. (Tayleure); this small picture, by a master whose works are rare, may be identified by its having, among numerous other figures, a man, with a drum on his back, conversing with a person dressed in white; 'The Immaculate Conception,' an important work by Murillo, formerly in the possession of the fraternity of Carmelite monks in Mexico, to whom it was presented, in the seventeenth century, by the then Bishop of Mexico, Don Juan de Palafox y Mendoza, and subsequently in that of the Archbishop, Don Antonio J. P. Martinez, ambassador of the Cortes in 1812, 590 gs. (Holloway); 'The Gate of the Arsenal, Venice,' Canaletti, a fine example, 300 gs. (Johnson); 'View of the Place of St. Mark,' the companion picture, and equally excellent, Canaletti, 300 gs. (Hardy); 'The Bolingbroke Family,' a composition of seven figures, half-length, in a garden, with a terminal statue of Mercury in the centre, a grand and notable work by Van Dyck, in admirable preservation: it

was put up at the price of 1,000 gs., and, after much competition, was knocked down to Mr. Wallis for the sum of 1,850 gs. The next picture offered for sale was one by Paul Veronese, but without a title; it represents a group of six figures, life-size, supposed to be portraits, and has always been hung as the companion of the 'Bolingbroke' picture: Mr. Wallis was also the purchaser, at the price of 200 gs.; 'The Jew Bride,' Gerard Douw, 160 gs. (Wadmore); the five last-mentioned works came from Saltram House. 'St. Roch kneeling to the Virgin and Infant Jesus,' A. Carracci, formerly in the Church of St. Eustache, Paris, and afterwards in the Orleans gallery, 145 gs.; 'Portrait of Julius de Medici (afterwards Clement VIII.), Prior of Rhodes, in the robes of his order, Raffaello, 230 gs.; 'Landscape,' with figures, Jan Both, 170 gs. (Radclyffe); 'A Hermit,' Rembrandt, 95 gs.; 'View in Venice, with the Church of St. Giorgio Maggiore,' and its companion, 'Venice, with the Rialto,' Canaletti, 187 gs. (Bourne); 'Adoration of the Magi,' Rubens, painted at Madrid for Philip IV., in 1629, by whom it was presented to his friend, Count d'Altare y Alva-Real, in whose family it has remained to the present time, the last owner being Count d'Altare, of Cordova, 240 gs. (M. Gase). The whole collection, which enumerated more than one hundred pictures, realized a total amount of £9,767. Some of these here pointed out are referred to in Smith's *Catalogue Raisonné*. Where the names of the purchasers are not mentioned, they were not announced in the sale-room.

It is very seldom that so fine a collection of English pictures is submitted to public auction as that which Messrs. Christie and Co. dispersed on the 15th of last month. A large portion of the paintings were from the gallery of the late Sir John Swinburne, some from that of the late Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., and the remainder from various sources. Of course a very large attendance of amateurs and collectors resulted from the attraction of so many pictures of a high character, and especially of some beautiful examples of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pencil. The principal lots were:—'The Bookseller refusing De Foe's manuscript of Robinson Crusoe,' E. M. Ward, R.A., £101 (Agnew); 'The Farmyard,' J. Linnell, £102 (Morley); 'A Roughish Road,' T. Creswick, R.A., with figures by P. Goodall, A.R.A., 160 gs. (Flatou); 'Kate Nickleby,' T. Faed, A.R.A., 120 gs. (Eckford); 'A Riverside,' with cattle in the foreground, J. Linnell, 145 gs. (Jones); 'A Salmon Leap, Maelwd, North Wales,' T. Creswick, R.A., 140 gs. (Agnew); 'Dutch Fishing Boats,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., exhibited in 1855, £356 (Anthony); 'The Love of James I., of Scotland,' J. E. Millais, A.R.A., exhibited in 1859, 245 gs. (Bourne); 'Card Players,' T. Webster, painted in 1837, 125 gs. (Jones); 'View near Reigate,' J. Linnell, 130 gs. (Jones); 'Marie Antoinette in the Tuileries, with her children,' A. Elmore, R.A., the finished sketch for the large picture exhibited last year at the Academy, £232 (Flatou); 'Homeward Bound,' a Dutch boat going into harbour, C. Stanfield, R.A., painted in 1855, £528 (Flatou); 'Winter Time,' W. Müller, engraved, £112 (Agnew); 'The Charity of Dorcas,' W. T. L. Dobson, A.R.A., £420 (Jones); 'Claude Duval,' W. P. Frith, R.A., the finished sketch for the large picture exhibited last year, 294 gs. (Bentley); 'The First Pair of Shoes,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 130 gs. (Bourne); 'The Beauty of Seville,' J. Phillip, R.A., 330 gs. (Agnew); 'Harbledown Park, East Kent,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., exhibited last year, 215 gs. (Bourne); 'The Spae Wife,' J. Phillip, R.A., exhibited in 1851, 290 gs. (Eckford); 'A Spanish Lady dancing,' J. Phillip, R.A., painted in 1859, 190 gs. (Clint); 'The Hiring Shepherd,' W. Holman Hunt, £605 (Gambart); 'Ariel, Cupid, and Hyperborea,' Etty, £101 (Wilson); 'Court Scene,' C. Stanfield, R.A., £504 (Eckford); 'Landscape,' P. Nasmyth, £152 (Flatou); 'Portrait of Canova,' painted at Rome, by J. Jackson, R.A., for Sir F. Chantrey, 105 gs. (Clint); 'What you will,' a landscape with many figures, by J. M. W. Turner, described as "the first picture in the artist's last manner," 245 gs. (Agnew); 'Landscape,' with a wooden bridge, and a village church in the distance, cabinet size, Sir A. W. Calcott, 105 gs. (Agnew); 'A Woody Landscape,' T. Creswick, R.A., 105 gs. (White); the four last-mentioned pictures belonged to the Chantrey collection: 'Loch Katrine,' J. M. W. Turner, painted

in his middle period, and a splendid picture, 750 gs. (White); 'Italian Landscape,' the Roman Campagna in the distance, R. Wilson, a large and important example, 180 gs. (Morris); 'Portrait of Lady Hamilton, as Cassandra,' G. Romney, 180 gs. (Hardy); 'The First Leap,' Sir R. Landseer, R.A., the engraved picture, signed E. L., 1829, from the collection of the late dowager Duchess of Bedford, 730 gs. (Lewis); 'Portrait of Miss Carnac,' a whole-length figure, in a landscape, Sir J. Reynolds, 1,710 gs. (Mawson), purchased, it was understood, for the Marquis of Hertford; 'Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick,' seated, and in conversation, Sir J. Reynolds, 850 gs. (J. W. Foster); 'Portrait of Dr. Hawkesworth,' Sir J. Reynolds, 163 gs. (Munro). The following pictures formed a part of the Swinburne collection:—'A Woody Landscape,' with figures on a road, a river beyond, and open distance, P. Nasmyth, 220 gs. (Rought); 'Nature Blowing Bubbles for her Children,' W. Hilton, 170 gs. (Grundy); 'The Errand Boy,' Wilkie, purchased direct from the artist by Sir John Swinburne, engraved, 435 gs. (Agnew); 'Southampton Water,' painted by Calcott, in 1813, for the late owner, and beyond question one of the artist's greatest works, 1,205 gs. (Flatou); 'Punch,' the celebrated picture by W. Mulready, exhibited in 1813, and purchased from the artist by Sir John, £1,003 15s. (Pennell). The amount of the sale of the whole collection reached the large sum of £17,000.

THE SECOND EXHIBITION OF DECORATIVE WORKS IN THE PAINTERS' HALL.

THROUGHOUT the month of June the Hall of the Painters' Company, in Little Trinity Lane, has been open for the free admission of the public to the exhibition of decorative works, that for the second time has been formed under the liberal and judicious direction of Mr. Sewell and the other officers of his guild. The excellence of this project for exhibiting specimens of decorative painting, and for elevating the artistic character of such productions has already received from us repeated expressions of our decided approval, so that now it is only necessary for us to declare that more careful reflection on this subject entirely corroborates our previously formed opinion. The exhibition has proved not only that precisely such a stimulant was urgently needed by the producers of decorative painting and staining, but also that artist-workmen of this class require to be led to understand and to feel what is calculated to advance their best interests. We were surprised, as well as disappointed, at finding that thirty-eight persons only had availed themselves of the means afforded by the Painters' Company for becoming exhibitors in their hall, and that the entire collection of specimens exhibited did not exceed 160 in number. We certainly had expected that the exhibitors would have numbered more than 160, and that a proportionately increased interest in this most admirable project would have been felt by those for whose benefit it had been formed.

Medals, the freedom of the company, and certificates of merit, were offered for the best works, and further arrangements were made for securing places for the prize works at next year's Great Exhibition. Seven medals have been awarded, with three certificates, and the freedom of the company in four instances has accompanied the silver medal. The works thus rewarded are decidedly meritorious, though the greater number of them are by no means of the highest order in their several departments of graining, marbling, writing, and arabesque painting. The eight examples of "practical graining and marbling," by John Taylor, of Compton Street, Bermondsey, stand well to the front of the whole collection; the next in the succession of merit being similar productions by W. Betteridge, in the employ of Messrs. Morant and Boyd. The other prize-holders are B. Edmett, William Simpson, Donatti, C. Kitzewer, J. H. Trotter, D. O. Haswell, C. Hibble, and W. J. Cloake.

The practical lesson which this collection very significantly teaches is the great need of sound in-

struction in the art-qualities of their vocation, that is still experienced by the decorative painters of London. There were many examples of dexterity in the handling of the work, while in them all true Art-feeling was altogether wanting. And then in more than one instance a sad ignorance of even elementary principles was evinced by "decorators," who exhibited what they evidently considered to be both characteristic and meritorious productions. The presence of such works as Nos. 23 and 32 in this catalogue are even more valuable than Mr. John Taylor's clever "marbling" and the "stained woods" (No. 38), which did not receive any premium, since they indicate some of those weak points which claim particular attention from Mr. Sewell and his coadjutors. It must be evident to these gentlemen that they must establish for the working decorative painters a system of sound instruction if they would realize their own excellent plan in their behalf, and would render their Company again an effectual agency for good in the production of decorative painting and staining of the highest order. Some means must also be devised for engaging the sympathies of the working decorators, for leading them to look up to the Company's exhibitions with anxious interest, and for impressing them with a due sense of the importance and value of the encouragement thus afforded to them, and of the distinction placed within their reach. We have reason to know that artist workmen are not at all easy to influence, and that they require much of persuasion and inducement to attract their attention, and to awaken their interest. It is much to be regretted that such should be the fact; but as it is, energetic measures require to be brought into action for convincing these men that the project that is submitted to them possesses the strongest claims to their earnest and grateful attention. We sincerely trust this will be done, and that the decorative painters may thus be led to understand and to appreciate the value of the yearly exhibitions, in connection with the *School of Decorative Art* that will have been established for their benefit by the Painters' Company of London.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

CAMBRIDGE.—The annual distribution of prizes to the students of the Cambridge School of Art took place, on the evening of May 23rd, in the hall of Sidney Sussex College, the distribution being preceded by a lecture from Professor Willis—the same he delivered a short time previously, at the Senate House, before the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales—and followed by an address from Professor Kingsley. This school, the origin of which is due to the Rev. Gerald Vesey, was established in 1858; the present honorary secretary is the Rev. W. J. Beaumont, to whom must be ascribed much of its success. The Rev. W. Emery, chairman of the managing committee, stated that the central school now numbered 100 pupils, and the national schools between 600 and 600. The School of Art had also been the means of resuscitating, and, in a great measure, effectual in carrying out, a scheme for erecting a new Town Hall in Cambridge, which was intended to include thoroughly convenient rooms for its own especial purposes. The list of prizes this year included ten local medals, against four of last year, and three drawings had been sent to London for the national competition, whereas last year only one was selected, which, however, gained a medal.

DURHAM.—The seventh annual report—that for the last year—of the Durham School of Art, which is under the superintendence of Mr. George Newton, reached us only during the past month. Like many other documents of a similar nature which come before us, this speaks of the school progressively increasing in efficiency, of the attention of the pupils, and of their success; but it also laments the inadequacy of funds for its support, the balance due to the treasurer at the end of the year being rather above £31, or nearly one-fourth of the whole revenue; and an appeal is consequently made to the inhabitants of the city and its neighbourhood for pecuniary aid, for it is a significant fact, according to the report, and one showing the general indifference to the interests of the institution, that the number of subscribers has fallen off. This partly accounts for the deficit balance, which is increased by the augmentation of the master's salary, and by the expenditure of nearly nine guineas for

painting the entrance door-way in polychrome decorations—an unwise proceeding in the financial condition of the school, and useless if it were not intended to be instructive more than ornamental. The scarcity of funds was a bar to the distribution of local prizes, a matter which the committee much regret, inasmuch as these gifts operate as a healthy incitement to the pupils.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. W. H. Sonnes, modelling master of the Birmingham School of Art, has recently received a most substantial and gratifying mark of the esteem in which he is held by the pupils of his classes, who have presented him with a richly-ornamented cup and salver, manufactured by the well-known firm of Messrs. Elkington and Mason. The salver, designed by Mr. C. Grant, exhibits in the centre "Thetis as a Suppliant before Jove," around this are several bas-reliefs, the subjects of which are taken from the "Iliad." The cup, fashioned after an antique model, represents the "Elevation of Homer among the Gods." In the address delivered by Mr. F. S. Potter on presenting the testimonial, he passed a high eulogium on the manner in which Mr. Sonnes had secured the respect and affection of all who came under his instruction, and testified to the zeal and ability shown in the discharge of his onerous duties.

SHEFFIELD.—The project for erecting a Crimean monument here is now taking a definite form, in consequence of the success which has attended the collecting of funds. The committee has adopted a design by Mr. G. Goldie, said to be similar in character to the Raglan monument at Westminster.

LEEDS.—The School of Art in this town had last month its usual annual exhibition of the works of the students. During the three days it remained open, upwards of two thousand persons visited the rooms. The account of the last yearly examination and its results appeared in the *Art-Journal* for March.

STATUE OF PALISSY.

At his establishment in New Bond Street, in the midst of varied triumphs of the modern fictile art of England, Mr. Daniell now invites attention to a work, the importance of which it is difficult to estimate, while in interest it stands without a rival in its own department of Art. This work is a statue in Parian, full six feet in height, and representing with admirably truthful effectiveness the great French potter, Palissy. It was a happy thought to select Palissy to be the subject of the first effort to produce a statue in the beautiful material that had become so honourably identified with statuettes. And as the first Parian statue is felicitous in conception, so it has been executed in a manner that commands unqualified admiration. Palissy stands by one of his memorable furnaces, from which he has just taken, for minute examination, a "rustic piece," enriched with fishes, and shells, and other objects in relief. There is much to please him in the result of his thought and his care; and yet there are in it also certain palpable imperfections, which demand from him a still further exercise of his noblest quality—perseverance. Such is the idea the artist has conveyed in his statue. Palissy has still more to do, before he may rest content with what he has done; and the expression of his countenance most emphatically declares this: you see in his face how disappointment, and confidence, and resolution combine; and, while conscious that the Palissy before you has not yet become completely triumphant, you are certain of his complete ultimate success. It will be remembered that the famous artist who did so much for ceramic art, and whose career is pre-eminently a biographical romance, succeeded in discovering the enamels which enabled him to execute his remarkable works about the year 1550, and that he fell a victim to the Huguenot persecution in 1589. The Parian statue of Palissy, which we strongly advise our readers to go and study in Bond Street, has been modelled by a French artist, M. Gille, of Paris, and the work has also been produced under his personal direction and superintendence. To Mr. Daniell himself is due the sole and entire honour of having judiciously and liberally enabled M. Gille to produce a work, the influence of which cannot fail to be most powerfully felt. No longer restricted to works of small dimensions, the most beautiful of plastic materials is now proved to be available for sculpture of life and heroic size, and we may be sure that it will

be largely used in this new capacity. Works of the very highest order may thus be produced in unexpectedly great numbers, and at very considerably less cost than by any other means. Mr. Daniell has very appropriately placed near the Palissy statue some characteristic specimens of the reproductions of his *sayence*, with some of Minton's clever and effective majolica. Near at hand there are several exquisite suites of vases and other works, executed for Mr. Daniell after the Sèvres manner, and in every respect equal to the finest productions of the renowned French establishment. The portrait medallions on some of these vases, which have been executed for various noble patrons of the producer, are perfect gems of Art. The same may be said of the enamels, executed in the Limoges manner, but upon porcelain instead of copper, which, like the painted vases, have been produced for Mr. Daniell. It is unnecessary for us to add any commendation of the miscellaneous ceramic collections which abound in Mr. Daniell's establishment, and which constitute a museum of the fictile arts of England at the present day.

THE FOUNTAIN NYMPH.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. S. WESTMACOTT.

THE name of Westmacott holds an honourable position in the catalogue of British sculptors; three generations of the same family having distinguished themselves in the practice of the art: the late Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A., his son, still living, Richard Westmacott, R.A., and J. S. Westmacott, the author of the work here engraved.

It is only within the last few years that Mr. J. S. Westmacott has come prominently before the public; in 1846 he exhibited at the Academy a figure of 'Victory,' to which, in the preceding year, a gold medal was awarded by the Royal Academy of Dresden. In 1849 he was in Rome, but exhibited in London a marble statuette of Mr. Joseph Baxendale; and in 1850 contributed three separate figures, entitled respectively 'Morning,' 'Evening,' and a 'Magdalen.' A bas-relief, called 'Sleep,' exhibited in the following year, is characterised by much of the feeling and style of Thorwaldsen. 'Samson and the Lion,' a small group, shows considerable power of composition, and anatomical knowledge so far as the human figure is concerned, but the animal—which, however, was not Mr. Westmacott's, but modelled by M. Jules Haeknel—appears to be awkwardly arranged; both these works were in the sculpture-room of the Academy in 1853. A group in plaster, suggested by the words of St. Luke, "Mary sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word," was his principal contribution in the year following. In 1855 and 1856, he sent each year a single figure embodying the lines of Moore—

"One morn a Peri at the gate,
Of Eden stood disconsolate."

The conceptions are not identical, though somewhat similar, and the same expression, or sentiment, appears in both: the figures are life-size, winged and semi-draped; their attitude is one of deep dejection; the arms hang gracefully down in front, while the clasped fingers rest lightly on one of the knees, which is slightly raised. Both statues are life-size, and of considerable elegance.

The only other works exhibited by this sculptor which need be alluded to are a statuette in marble, entitled 'Autumn,' 'The Triumph of Judith,' and 'The Fountain Nymph,' the subject of the annexed engraving, and exhibited at the Academy last year. It is unpretending in design, and, in compliance with the prevailing taste in sculpture, is more decorative than antique; but the ornament is not obtrusive, it forms an integral part of the composition necessary to a clear and satisfactory expression of the subject. There seems to have been no attempt to render the figure anything more than a correct and natural representation of a simple and pleasing theme, which, in fact, would scarcely admit of more elevated treatment, inasmuch as action, not passion, is its sentiment.

THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART XVIII.



IN the afternoon André solicited Smith to take him back to the *Vulture*. Smith refused, with the false plea of illness—but he offered to travel half the night with the adjutant-general if he would take a land route. There was no alternative, and André was compelled to yield to the force of circumstances. He consented to cross the King's Ferry (from Stony to Verplanck's Point), and make his way back to New York by land. He exchanged his military coat for a citizen's dress, placed the papers received from Arnold in his stockings under his feet, and at a little before sunset on the evening of the 22nd of September, accompanied by Smith and a negro servant, all mounted, made his way towards King's Ferry, bearing the following pass, in the event of his being challenged within the American lines:—

"Head-quarters, Robinson's House, Sept. 22, 1780.

"Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the Guards to the White Plains, or below, if he chooses, he being on public business by my direction.

"B. ARNOLD, Major-General."

At twilight they passed through the works at Verplanck's Point, unsuspected, and then turned their faces towards the White Plains, the interior route to New York. André was moody and silent. He had disobeyed the orders of his



WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT TAPPAN.

commander by receiving papers, and was involuntarily a spy, in every sense of the word, within the enemy's lines. Eight miles from Verplanck's they were hailed by a sentinel. Arnold's pass was presented, and the travellers were about to pass on, when the officer on duty advised them to remain until morning, because of dangers on the road. After much persuasion, André consented to remain, but passed a sleepless night. At an early hour the party were in the saddle, and at Pine's Bridge over the Croton, André, with a lighter heart, parted company with Smith and his servant, having been assured that he was then upon the neutral ground, beyond the reach of the American patrolling parties.

André had been warned to avoid the Cow Boys, bands of tory marauders who infested the neutral ground. He was told that they were more numerous upon the Tarrytown road than that which led to the White Plains. As these were friends of the British, he resolved to travel the Tarrytown or river road. He felt assured that if he should fall into the hands of the Cow Boys, he would be taken by them to New York, his destination. This change of route was his fatal mistake.

On the morning when André crossed Pine's Bridge, a little band of seven volunteers went out near Tarrytown to prevent the Cow Boys driving cattle to New York, and to arrest any suspicious travellers upon the highway. Three of these—Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams—were under the shade of a clump of trees, near a spring on the borders of a stream now known as André's Brook, playing cards, when a stranger appeared on horseback, a short distance up the road. His dress and manner were different from ordinary travellers seen in that vicinity, and they determined to step out and question him. Paulding had lately escaped from captivity in New York, in the dress of a German Yager, the mercenaries in the employment of the British; and on seeing him, André, thereby deceived, exclaimed, "Thank God! I am once more among friends." But Paulding presented his musket, and ordered him to stop. "Gentlemen," said André, "I hope you belong to our party?" "What party?" asked Paulding. "The Lower Party" (meaning the British), André replied. "I do," said Paulding; when André said, "I am a British officer, out in the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute." Paulding

told him to dismount, when André, conscious of his mistake, exclaimed, "My God! I must do anything to get along;" and with a forced good-humour, pulled out General Arnold's pass. Still they insisted upon his dismounting, when he warned them not to detain him, as he was on public business for the General. They were inflexible. They said there were many bad people on the road, and they did not know but he might be one of them. He dismounted, when they took him into a thicket, and searched him. They found nothing to confirm their suspicions that he was not what he represented himself to be. They then ordered him to pull off his boots, which he did without hesitation, and they were about to allow him to dress himself, when they observed something in his stockings under his feet. When these were removed they discovered the papers which Arnold had put in his possession. Finding himself detected, he offered them bribes to let him go. They refused; and he was conducted to



ANDRÉ'S PEN AND INK SEATON.

the nearest American post, and delivered to a commanding officer. That officer, with strange obtuseness of perception, was about to send the prisoner to General Arnold with a letter detailing the circumstances of his arrest, when Major Tallmadge, a bright and vigilant officer, protested against the measure, and expressed his suspicions of Arnold's fidelity. But Jamieson, the commander, only half yielded. He detained the prisoner but sent the letter to Arnold. That was the one which the traitor received while at breakfast at Beverly (Robinson's House), and which caused his precipitate flight to the *Vulture*. The circumstances of that flight have already been narrated.

André wrote a letter to Washington, briefly but frankly detailing the events of his mission, and concluded, after relating how he was conducted to Smith's



ANDRÉ'S MONUMENT.

House, and changed his clothes, by saying, "Thus, as I have had the honour to relate, was I betrayed (being adjutant-general of the British army) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts."

Washington ordered André to be sent first to West Point, and then to Tappan, an inland hamlet on the west side of the Hudson opposite Tarrytown, then the head-quarters of the American army. There, at his own quarters, he summoned a board of general officers on the 29th of September, and ordered

them to examine into the case of Major André, and report the result. He also directed them to give their opinion as to the light in which the prisoner ought to be regarded, and the punishment that should be inflicted. André was arraigned before them, on the same day, in the church not far from Washington's quarters. He made to them the same truthful statement of facts which he gave in his letter to Washington, and remarked, "I leave them to operate with the board, persuaded that you will do me justice." He was remanded to prison; and after long and careful deliberation, the board reported "That Major André, adjutant-general of the British army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that agreeably to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death."

Washington approved the sentence on the 30th, and ordered his execution the next day at five o'clock in the afternoon. The youth, candour, gentleness,



PAULDING MANOR.

and honourable bearing of the prisoner made a deep impression on the court and the commander-in-chief. Had their decision been in consonance with their feelings instead of their judgments and the stern necessities of war, he would never have suffered death. There was a general desire on the part of the Americans to save him. The only mode was to exchange him for Arnold, and hold the traitor responsible for all the acts of his victim. Sir Henry Clinton was a man of nice honour, and would not be likely to exhibit such bad faith towards Arnold, even to save his beloved adjutant-general. Nor would Washington make such a proposition. He however respited the prisoner for a day, and gave others an opportunity to lay an informal proposition of that kind before Clinton. A subaltern went to the nearest British outpost with a letter from Washington to Clinton, containing the official proceedings of the court-martial, and André's letter to the American commander. That subaltern, as instructed, informed the messenger who was to bear the packet to Sir Henry, that he believed André might be exchanged for Arnold. This was communicated to Sir Henry. He refused compliance, but sent a general officer up to the borders of the neutral ground, to confer with one from the American camp on the subject of the innocence of Major André. General Greene, the president of the court, met General Robertson, the commissioner from Clinton, at Dobbs' Ferry. The conference was fruitless of results favourable to André. The unfortunate young man was not disturbed by the fear of death, but the manner was a subject of great solicitude to him. He wrote a touching letter to Washington, asking to die the death of a soldier, and not that of a spy. Again the stern rules of war interposed. The manner of death must be according to the character given him by the sentence. All hearts were powerfully stirred by sympathy for him. The equity of that sentence was not questioned by military men; and yet, only inexorable expediency at that hour when the republican cause seemed in the greatest peril, caused the execution of the sentence in his case. The sacrifice had to be made for the public good, and the prisoner was hung as a spy at Tappan at noon on the 2nd of October, 1780.*

Major André was an accomplished young man, and a clever amateur artist. He was perfectly composed from the time that his fate was made known to him. On the day fixed for his execution, he sketched with pen and ink a likeness of himself sitting at a table, and gave it to the officer of his guard, who had been kind to him. It is preserved in the Trumbull Gallery of pictures, at Yale College, in Connecticut.

Major André was buried at the place of his execution. In 1832, his remains were removed, under instructions of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, by James Buchanan, British consul at New York, and deposited in a grave near a monument in Westminster Abbey, erected by his king not long after his death.† Such is the sad story, in brief outline, of the closing days of the

* It is said that Washington never saw Major André, having avoided a personal interview with him from the beginning. Unwilling to give him unnecessary pain, Washington did not reply to his letter asking for the death of a soldier, and the unhappy prisoner was not certain what was to be the manner of his execution, until he was led to the gallows. The lines of Miss Anne Seward, André's friend, commencing,

"O Washington! I thought thee great and good,
Nor knew thy Nero-thirst for guiltless blood,"

were unjust, for he sincerely commiserated the fate of his prisoner, and would have made every proper sacrifice to save him.

† This is a mural monument, in the form of a sarcophagus, standing on a pedestal. It is surmounted by Britannia and her lion. On the front of the sarcophagus is a bas-relievo, in which is represented General Washington and his officers in a tent at the

accomplished André's life. Arnold, the traitor, was despised even by those who accepted his treason for purposes of state; and his hand never afterwards touched the palm of an honourable Englishman. In his own country, he has ever occupied the "bad eminence" of arch traitor, until the beginning of the year 1861: others now bear the palm.

Upon a high and fertile promontory below Tarrytown, may be seen one of the finest and purest specimens of the Pointed Tudor style of domestic architecture in the United States, the residence of Philip R. Paulding Esq., and called Paulding Manor. It was built in 1840. Its walls are of the Mount Pleasant or Sing Sing marble. The whole outline, ground and sky, is exceedingly picturesque, there being gables, towers, turrets and pinnacles. There is also a great variety of windows decorated with mullions and tracery; and at one wing is a *Port Cochere*, or covered entrance for carriages. It has a broad arched piazza, affording shade and shelter for promenading. The interior is admirably arranged for convenience and artistic effect. The drawing-room is a spacious apartment, occupying the whole of the south wing. It has a high ceiling, richly groin-arched, with fan tracery or diverging ribs, springing from and supported by columnar shafts. The ceilings of all the apartments of the first story are highly elegant in decoration. "That of the dining-room," says Mr. Downing, "is concavo-convex in shape, with diverging ribs and ramified tracery springing from corbels in the angles, the centre being occupied by a pendant. In the saloon the ribbed ceiling forms two inclined planes. The floor of the second story has a much larger area than that of the first, as the rooms in the former project over the open portals of the latter. The spacious library, over the western portal, lighted by a lofty window, is the finest apartment of this story, with its carved foliated timber roof rising in the centre to twenty-five feet." The dimensions of this room are thirty-seven by eighteen feet, including an organ gallery. Ever since its erection, "Paulding Manor" has been the most conspicuous dwelling to be seen by the eye of the voyager on the Lower Hudson.

About three miles below Tarrytown is Sunnyside, the residence of the late Washington Irving. It is reached from the public road by a winding carriage-way that passes here through rich pastures and pleasant woodlands, and there along the margin of a dell through which runs a pleasant brook, reminding one of the merry laughter of children as it dances away riverward, and leaps, in beautiful cascades and rapids, into a little bay a few yards from the cottage of Sunnyside. There, more than a dozen years ago, I visited the dear old man whom the world loved so well, and who so lately was laid beneath the greensward on the margin of Sleepy Hollow, made classic by his genius. Then I made the sketch of Sunnyside here presented to the reader. It was a soft, delicious day in June, when the trees were in full leaf and the birds in full song. I had left the railway-cars a fourth of a mile below where the germ of a village had just appeared, and strolled along the iron road to a stile, over which I climbed, and ascended the bank by a pleasant path to



SUNNYSIDE.

the shadow of a fine old cedar, not far from the entrance gate. There I rested, and sketched the quaint cottage half shrouded in English ivy. Its master soon

moment when he received the report of the court of inquiry. At the same time a messenger is seen with a flag, bearing a letter from André to Washington. On the opposite side is a guard of Continental soldiers, and the tree on which André was hung. Two men are preparing the prisoner for execution, in the centre of this design. At the foot of the tree sit Mercy and Innocence bewailing his fate. Upon a panel of the pedestal, is the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Major JAMES ANDRÉ, who, raised by his merit at an early period of his life to the rank of Adjutant-General of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country, on the 2nd of October, A.D. 1780, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes. His gracious sovereign, KING GEORGE THE THIRD, has caused this monument to be erected." On the base is a record of the removal of his remains from the banks of the Hudson to their final resting-place near the banks of the Thames.

appeared in the porch, with a little fair-haired boy whom he led to the river bank in search of daisies and buttercups. It was a pleasant picture; and yet there was a cloud-shadow resting upon it. His best earthly affections had been buried, long years before, in the grave with a sweet young lady who had promised to become his bride. Death interposed between the betrothal and the appointed nuptials. He remained faithful to that first love. Throughout all the vicissitudes of a long life, in society and in solitude, in his native land and in foreign countries, on the stormy ocean and in the repose of quiet homes, he had borne her miniature in his bosom in a plain golden case; and upon his table, for daily use, always lay a small Bible, with the name of his lost one, in the delicate handwriting of a female, upon the title-page. As I looked upon that good man of gentle, loving nature, a bachelor of sixty-five, I thought of his exquisite picture of a true woman, in his charming little story of "The Wife;" and wondered whether his own experience had not been in accordance with the following beautiful passage in his "Newstead Abbey," in which he says:—"An early, innocent, and unfortunate passion, however fruitful of pain it may be to the man, is a lasting advantage to the poet. It is a well of sweet and bitter fancies, of refined and gentle sentiments, of elevated and ennobling thoughts, shut up in the deep recesses of the heart, keeping it green amidst the withering blights of the world, and by its casual gushings and overflowings, recalling at times all the freshness, and innocence, and enthusiasm of youthful days."

I visited Sunnyside again only a fortnight before the death of Mr. Irving. I found him in his study, a small, quiet room, lighted by two delicately curtained windows, one of which is seen near the porch, in our little sketch. From that window he could see far down the river; from the other, overhung with ivy, he looked out upon the lawn and the carriage-way from the lane. In a curtained recess was a lounge with cushions, and books on every side. A large easy-chair, and two or three others, a writing-table with many drawers, shelves filled with books, three small pictures, and two neat bronze candelabra, completed the furniture of the room. It was warmed by an open grate of coals in a black variegated marble chimney-piece. Over this were the three small pictures. The larger represents "A literary party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's." The other two were spirited little pen and ink sketches, with a little colour—illustrative of scenes in one of the earlier of Mr. Irving's works, "Knickerbocker's History of New York"—which he picked up in London many years ago. One represented Stuyvesant confronting Risingh, the Swedish governor; the other, Stuyvesant's wrath in council.

Mr. Irving was in feeble health, but hopeful of speedy convalescence. He expressed his gratitude because his strength and life had been spared until he completed the greatest of all his works, his "Life of Washington." "I have laid aside my pen for ever," he said; "my work is finished, and now I intend to rest." He was then seven years past the allotted age of man; yet his mental energy seemed unimpaired, and his genial good-humour was continually apparent. I took the first course of dinner with him, when I was compelled to leave to be in time for the next train of cars that would convey me home. He arose from the table, and passed into the little drawing-room with me. At the door he took my hand in both of his, and with a pleasant smile said, "I wish you success in all your undertakings. God bless you."

It was the last day of the "Indian summer," in 1859, a soft, balmy, glorious day in the middle of November. The setting sun was sending a blaze of red



IRVING'S STUDY.

light across the bosom of Tappan Bay, when I left the porch and followed the winding path down the bank to the railway. There was peacefulness in the aspect of all nature at that hour; and I left Sunnyside, feeling sensibly the influence of a good man's blessing. Only a fortnight afterwards, on a dark, stormy evening, I took up a newspaper at an inn in a small village of the Valley of the Upper Hudson, and read the startling announcement, "Death of Washington Irving."

I felt as if a near and dear friend had been snatched away for ever. I was too far from home to be at the funeral, but one of my family, very dear to me, was in the crowd of sincere mourners at his grave, on the borders of Sleepy Hollow. The day was a lovely one on the verge of winter; and thousands stood reverently around, on that sunny slope, while the earth was cast upon the coffin and the preacher uttered the solemn words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes,



THE BROOK.

dust to dust." Few men ever went to the tomb lamented by more sincere friends. From many a pulpit his name was spoken with reverence. Literary and other societies throughout the land expressed their sorrow and respect. A thousand pens wrote eulogies for the press; and Bryant, the poet, his life-long friend, pronounced an impressive funeral oration not long afterwards, at the request of the New York Historical Society, of which Mr. Irving was a member.

I visited Sunnyside again only a few weeks ago, and after drinking at the mysterious spring,* strolled along the brook at the mouth of the glen, where it comes down in cascades before entering the once beautiful little bay, now cut off from free union with the river by the railway. It was spring-time, and the channel was full of crystal water. The tender foliage was casting delicate shadows where, at this time, there is half twilight under the umbrageous branches, and the trees are full of warblers. It is a charming spot, and is consecrated by many memories of Irving and his friends who frequented this romantic little dell when the summer sun was at meridian.

After sketching the brook at the cascades, I climbed its banks, crossed the lane, and wandered along a shaded path by the gardener's cottage to a hollow in the hills, filled with water, in which a bevy of ducks were sporting. This pond is made by damming the stream, and thus a pretty cascade at its outlet is formed. It is in the shape of the "palm leaf" that comes from the loom. On one side a wooded hill stretches down to it abruptly, leaving only space enough for a path, and on others it washes the feet of gentle grassy slopes. This is one of the many charming pictures to be found in the landscape of Sunnyside. After strolling along the pathways in various directions, sometimes finding myself upon the domains of the neighbours of Sunnyside (for no fence or hedge barriers exist between them), I made my way back to the cottage, where the eldest and only surviving brother of Mr. Irving, and his daughters, reside. These daughters were always as children to the late occupant, and by their affection and domestic skill they made his home a delightful one to himself and friends. But the chief light of that dwelling is removed, and there are shadows at Sunnyside that fall darkly upon the visitor who remembers the sunshine of its former days, for, as his friend Tuckerman wrote on the day after the funeral:—

"He whose fancy wove a spell
As lasting as the scene is fair,
And made the mountain, stream, and dell,
His own dream-life for ever share;

* This spring is at the foot of the bank on the very brink of the river. "Tradition declares," says Mr. Irving in his admirable story of "Wolfert's Roost," "that it was smuggled over from Holland in a churn by Femmetje Van Blarcom, wife of Gooson Garrett Van Blarcom, one of the first settlers, and that she took it up by night, unknown to her husband from beside their farm-house near Rotterdam; being sure she should find no water equal to it in the new country—and she was right."

"He who with England's household's grace,
And with the brave romance of Spain,
Tradition's lore and Nature's face,
Imbued his visionary brain:

"Mused in Granada's old arcade
As gush'd the Moorish fount at noon,
With the last minstrel thoughtful stray'd,
To ruin'd shrines beneath the moon;

"And breath'd the tenderness and wit
Thus garner'd, in expression pure,
As now his thoughts with humour flit,
And now to pathos wisely lure;

"Who traced with sympathetic hand
Our peerless chieftain's high career,
His life that gladden'd all the land,
And blest a home—is ended here!"

There was a fascination about Mr. Irving that drew every living creature towards him. His personal character, like his writings, was distinguished by extreme modesty, sweetness, and simplicity. "He was never willing to set



THE FORD.

forth his own pretensions," wrote a friend, after his death; "he was willing to leave to the public the care of his literary reputation. He had no taste for controversy of any sort; his manners were mild, and his conversation, in the society of those with whom he was intimate, was most genial and playful." Lowell has given the following admirable outline of his character:—

"But allow me to speak what I humbly feel,—
To a true post-heart add the fun of Dick Steele;
Throw in all of Addison, minus the chill;
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er as a spell,
The fine old English Gentleman; simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and purest remain;
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm, lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee—just Irving."

I must remember that I am not writing an eulogy of Mr. Irving, but only giving a few outlines with pen and pencil of his late home on the banks of the Hudson. Around that home sweetest memories will ever cluster, and the pilgrim to Sunnyside will rejoice to honour those who made that home so delightful to their idol, and who justly find a place in the sunny recollections of the departed.

Around that cottage, and the adjacent lands and waters, Irving's genius has cast an atmosphere of romance. The old Dutch house—one of the oldest in all that region—out of which grew that quaint cottage, was a part of the veritable Wolfert's Roost—the very dwelling wherein occurred Katrina Van Tassel's memorable quilting frolic, that terminated so disastrously to Ichabod Crane, in his midnight race with the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. There, too, the veracious Dutch historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, domiciled while he was deciphering the precious documents found there, "which, like the

lost books of Livy, had baffled the research of former historians." But its appearance had sadly changed when it was purchased by Mr. Irving, almost thirty years ago, and was by him restored to the original form of the Roost, which he describes as "a little, old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat. It is said, in fact," continues Mr. Irving, "to have been modelled after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong, as the Escurial was modelled after the griffin of the blessed St. Lawrence." It was built, the chronicler tells us, by Wolfert Acker, a privy councillor of Peter Stuyvesant, "a worthy, but ill-starred man, whose aim through life had been to live in peace and quiet." He sadly failed. "It was his doom, in fact, to meet a head wind at every turn, and be kept in a constant fume and fret by the perverseness of mankind. Had he served on a modern jury, he would have been sure to have eleven unreasonable men opposed to him." He retired in disgust to this then wilderness, built the gabled house, and "inscribed over the door (his teeth clenched at the time) his favourite Dutch motto, 'Lust in Rust' (pleasure in quiet). The mansion was thence called Wolfert's Rust (Wolfert's Rest), but by the uneducated, who did not understand Dutch, Wolfert's Roost." It passed into the hands of Jacob Van Tassel, a valiant Dutchman, who espoused the cause of the republicans. The hostile ships of the British were often seen in Tappan Bay, in front of the Roost, and Cow Boys infested the land thereabout. Van Tassel had much trouble: his house was finally plundered and burnt, and he was carried a prisoner to New York. When the war was over, he rebuilt the Roost, but in more modest style, as seen in our sketch. "The Indian spring"—the one brought from Rotterdam—"still welled up at the bottom of the green bank; and the wild brook, wild as ever, came babbling down the ravine, and threw itself into the little cove where of yore the water-guard harboured their whale-boats."

The "water-guard" was an aquatic corps, in the pay of the revolutionary government, organized to range the waters of the Hudson, and keep watch upon the movements of the British. The Roost, according to the chronicler, was one of the lurking-places of this band, and Van Tassel was one of their best friends. He was, moreover, fond of warring upon his "own hook." He possessed a famous "goose-gun," that would send its shot half-way across Tappan Bay. "When the belligerent feeling was strong upon Jacob," says the chronicler of the Roost, "he would take down his gun, sally forth alone, and prow along shore, dodging behind rocks and trees, watching for hours together any ship or galley at anchor or becalmed. So sure as a boat approached the shore, bang! went the great goose-gun, sending on board a shower of slugs and buck shot."

On one occasion, Jacob and some fellow bush-fighters peppered a British transport that had run aground. "This," says the chronicler, "was the last of Jacob's triumphs; he fared like some heroic spider that has unwittingly ensnared a hornet, to the utter ruin of its web. It was not long after the above exploit that he fell into the hands of the enemy, in the course of one of his forays, and was carried away prisoner to New York. The Roost itself, as a pestilent rebel nest, was marked out for signal punishment. The cock of the Roost being captive, there was none to garrison it but his stout-hearted spouse, his redoubtable sister, Notchie Van Warmer, and Dinah, a strapping negro wench. An armed vessel came to anchor in front; a boat full of men pulled to shore. The garrison flew to arms, that is to say, to mops, broomsticks, shovels, tongs, and all kinds of domestic weapons, for, unluckily, the great piece of ordnance, the goose-gun, was absent with its owner. Above all, a vigorous defence was made with that most potent of female weapons, the tongue; never did invaded hen-roost make a more vociferous outcry. It was all in vain! The house was sacked and plundered, fire was set to each room,



WOLFERT'S ROOST WHEN IRVING PURCHASED IT.

and in a few moments its blaze shed a baleful light over the Tappan Sea. The invaders then pounced upon the blooming Laney Van Tassel, the beauty of the Roost, and endeavoured to bear her off to the boat. But here was the real tug of war. The mother, the aunt, and the strapping negro wench, all flew to the rescue. The struggle continued down to the very water's edge, when a voice from the armed vessel at anchor ordered the spoilers to desist; they relinquished their prize, jumped into their boats, and pulled off, and the heroine of the Roost escaped with a mere rump of the feathers."

AN EXPERIMENTAL SUNDAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

EXPERIMENTS are among the best and most useful things in the ordinary course of daily life; yet they are often dangerous. In but too many instances, that is, men are tempted to experimentalize in matters and under circumstances, in which the results are almost certain to prove, in a greater or a lesser degree, perilous and disastrous. An experiment of this kind has recently been made at the Crystal Palace, which was designed to try the public feeling upon the point of opening that institution on the Sunday as well as on the week days. It appears that certain clubs have been formed for the purpose of disposing (by raffles) of shares of the Crystal Palace Company. The conductors of these clubs and their friends recently formed a project for making a Sunday visit to the Crystal Palace. The plan was approved, the necessary tickets were prepared and issued, and on Trinity Sunday the visit was paid. The great object evidently was to induce as many persons as possible to go to the Palace. Accordingly, tickets were freely given to every customer at the public houses in Sydenham, Norwood, and throughout that neighbourhood; and they were as freely issued to every person who travelled in the Crystal Palace direction by railway, on the day in question. What other means may have been put into requisition for obtaining the desired numbers we do not care to inquire. The Palace was to be opened at 1.30 P.M., and the trains were to run chiefly before 11 A.M. Upwards of forty thousand persons availed themselves of this strange chance for spending a Sunday at the Crystal Palace. They were grouped in swarms in every direction around the Palace, awaiting the hour for its opening. The trains ran thick and fast; the roads were filled with noisy vehicles conveying their still more noisy occupants; all the well-worked officials of both Palace and railway were deprived of their one day of weekly rest; the Palace and gardens everywhere abounded with refreshments, and the whole affair was one which might have been held to be a success by its projectors and advocates, but which certainly must be denounced in the strongest language by every lover of order and propriety, and indeed of common decency. What could have influenced the authorities of the Crystal Palace to have permitted this outrageous proceeding, it is not for us to surmise. It is certain that, without their sanction, the disgraceful affair could not have been accomplished; and it is equally certain that a scheme more suicidal at once to their own dignity and to their best interests could not possibly have received from the directors such a measure of their approval, as would allow of its being enacted. If Sunday is to be made a mob-day at the Crystal Palace by raffle-clubs contriving to evade the law, the shareholders may prepare for a speedy and a decided reduction in their at present tolerably depreciated shares; and the owners of land, on which houses on all sides are rising around the Crystal Palace, may form some fresh plans for realizing enormous interest: they certainly will soon have to accommodate themselves to a very different style of rent from that which now they so complacently ask and so readily receive.

Happily, at present, the experimental Sunday has not been repeated, though rumours of an intended repetition of it have reached us. But one opinion exists on the subject in the minds of the true friends of the Crystal Palace, and of all who desire to sustain the present reputation of its neighbourhood,—and this opinion is condemnatory of the shameless attempt that was made to degrade the Palace, and to evade the law. The directors must take upon themselves the responsibility of putting a stop to this sort of thing, and of doing so with a strong hand—unless, indeed, they desire to reduce the Crystal Palace to a level which lies at the opposite extreme from that to which, in the first instance, their noble institution aspired. The Palace has already sunk but too low in more respects than one, and now this Sunday experiment has shown that it is possible to descend still lower. Such a decline, as we know full well, is easy enough in its accomplishment—*facilis descensus*, &c.—and the rate of downward motion accelerates, unless it be promptly and resolutely checked, at a fearfully increasing

ratio. The Crystal Palace has already taken another long stride in the wrong direction, in the matter of tight-rope performances—exhibitions utterly disgraceful to the institution, and, however remunerative in the first instance through the miserable degradation of public taste, certain very prejudicially to affect its future success. Let the authorities take warning from this wretched rope-display, as well as from their experimental Sunday, and let them strive to turn the tide of the reputation of the Crystal Palace, while it is in their power so to do. A little more hesitation, and a retrograde movement may become no longer possible. In such a case, the final catastrophe may easily be predicted. Bull-baiting and dog-fighting, *et id genus omne* in the class of "public amusements" (!) are not permitted by law, and so they would necessarily have to be excluded from next year's programme; but a little skilful management might enable Mr. Heenan to succeed M. Blondin—prize-fighter *vice* acrobat—in a little exhibition after his own peculiar fashion, should the present system continue to prevail in the direction of the Crystal Palace.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The following paintings and drawings are announced to have been purchased by the prizeholders of this year, up to the time of our going to press.

From the Royal Academy:—

The Hero of the Day, F. B. Barwell, 165*l*.; The Skylark, J. A. Houston, 105*l*.; Harvesting in the Vale of Conway, W. F. Witherington, R.A., 84*l*.; The Fair Persian, Robert Baker, 84*l*.; A Herring-boat off Scarborough, J. Meadows, 84*l*.; Building a Rick, F. W. Hulme, 40*l*.; The Stirrup Cup, A. Cooper, R.A., 31*l*. 10*s*.; The Tryal Place, F. Chester, 30*l*.; Fishing Vessels off the South Foreland, J. J. Wilson, 25*l*.; Duck Shooting, Abraham Cooper, R.A., 26*l*. 5*s*.; Mang the Braes of Balquhither, W. H. Paton, 21*l*.; Preparing for Dinner, J. M. Bowkett, 20*l*.; Fishing Smack, J. Meadows, Sen., 15*l*. 15*s*.; A Windy Day on the Thames, E. C. Williams, 10*l*.; The Stream from Newlands, E. A. Pettitt, 10*l*.

From the Royal Scottish Academy:—

Ruined Temples and Convent of La Madonna, George Pettitt, 100*l*.; A Quiet Pool, John Curdie, 25*l*.; On the Crawfordland Water, John Curdie, 21*l*.

From the British Institution:—

The Anxious Hour, William Underhill, 100*l*.; Near Portmadoc, H. B. Willis, 40*l*.; The Stream from the Lake, H. J. Boddington, 30*l*.; An Arm of the Scheidt, A. Montague, 30*l*.; On the River Lieder, J. B. Smith, 20*l*.; Boarding a Traveller, W. H. Doest, 15*l*.; The Thames at Wargrave, H. B. Gray, 15*l*.; Lane Scene near Dover, J. Godet, 15*l*.; French Fishing-boat at Anchor, J. J. Wilson, 15*l*.; Left in Charge, A. Morris, 15*l*.; Drifting from Shore, H. Shirley, 15*l*. 15*s*.

From the Society of British Artists:—

Market Day, E. J. Cobbett, 200*l*.; Evening on the Greta, H. J. Boddington, 75*l*.; Merchants encamping on the Desert, W. Luker, 60*l*.; St. Ives Pier and Harbour, G. Wolfe, 40*l*.; Happy Waltonians, G. A. Williams, 30*l*.; A Torrent near Dolgelly, H. J. Boddington, 30*l*.; The Muleteer, H. Weeks, Jun., 30*l*.; Gipsy Group, W. Shayer, 30*l*.; Children and Rabbits, A. Provis, 30*l*.; On the River Lieder, J. B. Smith, 26*l*. 5*s*.; Park Entrance on a Misty Morning, J. B. Ladbroke, 25*l*.; Mending the Net, W. Shayer, 25*l*.; Marathon Beach, G. Wolfe, 25*l*.; Salmon and Trout, H. L. Rolfe, 20*l*.; Evening View of North Wales, J. B. Smith, 20*l*.; On the River Clifton, E. Taylor, 20*l*.; A Blowing Day, A. Clint, 20*l*.; View of the Village of Callender, W. W. Gill, 15*l*.

From the Institution of Fine Arts:—

The Harvest Field, S. Percy, 31*l*. 10*s*.; "Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip," &c., C. J. Lewis, 30*l*.; Harvest Scene near Clifton, B. Shipham, 25*l*.; Italian Peasant Girl, C. Nicholls, 25*l*.; Stepping Stones, F. W. Hulme, 25*l*.; Neptune, J. C. Morris, 21*l*.; Rydal Water, Geo. Pettitt, 20*l*.; Shipping off the Coast of Jersey, H. H. Taylor, 20*l*.; A Gipsy Summer Haunt, A. F. Rolfe, 22*l*. 10*s*.; A Mountain Tarn, S. R. Percy, 20*l*.; The Pass of Pont-Aber-Glaslyn, B. Rudge, 15*l*.; Scene on the Avon, H. B. Gray, 15*l*.

From the Old Water-Colour Society:—

In Harvest Time, O. Oakley, 52*l*. 10*s*.; Martigny, W. Callow, 20*l*.

From the New Water-Colour Society:—

Cape de la Heve, T. S. Robins, 30*l*.; Near Castel-a-Mare, J. L. Rowbotham, 30*l*.; Bouvignes, on the Meuse, Mrs. W. Oliver, 21*l*.; View of Goodrich Castle, James Fahy, 15*l*.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE FRESCOS.

By order of the House of Commons there has been printed (May 31, 1861) a statement of the progress of the paintings in fresco undertaken by different artists for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, specifying the terms of the contracts, the present condition of the different commissions, the sums voted for each of the works respectively, and the money that has been received by the artists.

The last report, the twelfth, published a few months since, complains of the non-fulfilment of the terms of the contract on the part of Mr. Dyce. In noticing from time to time the progress of these works, we have observed the suspension of that portion confided to Mr. Dyce, that is, the Queen's Robing Room, which was to be painted in fresco, the subjects being derived from the legend of King Arthur. The report goes on to state that Mr. Dyce agreed to complete the works stipulated, in six years from the 1st of July, 1848, and if required to execute an additional compartment the term would be extended to seven years. The sum agreed for the entire decoration as specified, "including the centre compartment on the west side, should Mr. Dyce be required to paint it, was £4,800. It was agreed that Mr. Dyce should receive that sum in instalments of £800 a year, payable quarterly and consequently for six years;" hence it is to be supposed that Mr. Dyce is paid for one compartment whether he executes it or not. It is provided, that in the event of delays from any reasonable causes, it shall be at the discretion of the commissioners to award such further sum, and to allow such extension of time as shall appear to them just and proper.

Referring to the correspondence which has taken place between Mr. Dyce and the commissioners, it is stated that Mr. Dyce, in July, 1851, applied for an extension of time in consequence of his having to act as juror in the Great Exhibition of 1851. This was granted. In 1854, Mr. Dyce applied for further remuneration, in consequence of additional work caused by errors in the measurements. The reply to this was an additional allowance of £800, which makes the money paid for the decoration of the Queen's Robing Room amount to £5,600, the whole of which was paid in July, 1855. As a result of further correspondence, the period for the completion of the works was extended to three years beyond June, 1854. In February, 1856, Mr. Dyce applied for further remuneration, in consequence of time given to the duties of juror in 1851, but the reply of the commissioners was to the effect that any additional salary could only be given on entire approval of the works after completion.

The condition of the works is stated as this:—On the west wall the three pictures are completed; they are entitled 'Religion, or the Vision of Sir Percival and his Companions,' 'Generosity, King Arthur unhorsed is spared by his adversary,' and 'Courtesy, or Sir Tristram.' On the north wall one of the two frescoes, 'Mercy,' is completed, and Mr. Dyce is now employed on 'The Court of King Arthur,' the largest in the room.

There are therefore of works yet to be commenced and unfinished in the Queen's Robing Room, two pictures on the east side, a portion of one on the north side, and the friezes on the four sides.

The contract with Mr. Herbert mentions nine pictures, for which £9,000 were to be paid, that is to say six at £566 13*s*. 4*d*. each, one at £2,000, and two at £1,800 each. The largest picture, 'Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law,' was commenced, but Mr. Herbert having subsequently preferred the water-glass method of painting, all that he had done was cancelled. Not one picture is yet finished, but the designs for three have been submitted and approved. Mr. Herbert has received £2,500 on account of the designs.

The decoration of the Peers' corridor was given to Mr. Cope, who has painted 'The Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers for New England,' completed in August, 1856; 'The Burial of Charles I.,' completed in November, 1857; 'The Parting of Lord and Lady Russell,' completed in November, 1859; and the fourth, on which Mr. Cope is at present employed, is 'Charles I. erecting his Standard at Nottingham.' The sum voted for the Peers' corridor is £3,600, of which Mr. Cope has received £2,100.

The eight pictures in the Commons' corridor will be painted by Mr. E. M. Ward. Three are finished and in their places; these are—'Alice Lisle concealing the Fugitives after the Battle of Sedgemoor,' 'The Executioner tying Wisbart's Book round the neck of Montrose,' and 'The Last Sleep of Argyle,' the last finished in 1858. The sum voted for the Commons' corridor is £4,200, of which Mr. Ward has received £1,800, the price of the three finished frescoes.

Mr. Maclise is occupied in the Royal Gallery with his great work 'The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher after the Battle of Waterloo.' On the opposite side of the room, and corresponding in size with that picture, will be painted 'Trafalgar, the Death of Nelson,' and besides these it is proposed, in sixteen other smaller frescoes, to illustrate the military history and glory of the country. Mr. Maclise has as yet received no portion of the money voted for the Royal Gallery.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.—The work prospers, not only in London, but in the provinces; and in several capitals of the continent the utmost activity prevails to second the efforts of the Commission. The event of the month, however, has been a meeting at the Society of Arts, at which H.R.H. the Prince Consort presided. Mr. Hawes read a paper on the subject, containing much that was useful, though nothing that was new; Lord Granville addressed the meeting "with much ability," and Mr. Dillon made "a very effective speech." The Prince spoke as he always does, briefly, emphatically, and to the purpose. The following sentences are of great importance, as bearing on the future of the scheme:—"Gentlemen, whatever I have done to start you in the right road I have done with great willingness and pleasure. I assure you it is a true privation to me to be prevented, by the avocations and duties of my position, from giving the same amount of time and labour to the forthcoming exhibition that I was privileged to give to the one that preceded it. Gentlemen, you will succeed. You are in earnest, and being in earnest you will succeed. I can congratulate you on the steps you have taken; you have an able body of managers, with all of whom I am well acquainted, and from my acquaintance I can say that they are thoroughly conversant with all the work you have imposed on them. You have also an able architect—a young officer of engineers—who, as alluded to by Lord Granville, has to-day shown by the work which has been opened in the Horticultural Gardens that he is capable of vast designs, novel contrivances, and is possessed of great taste. Gentlemen, I know that foreign nations look with favour upon this exhibition, and are prepared to come to measure their strength with yours. I need not repeat the warning and encouragement that Lord Granville has thrown out to the trades of this country, that they should endeavour to maintain the position they so gloriously took on the last occasion."

THE ART COPYRIGHT BILL.—No further move has been made in this matter, so far as the House of Commons is concerned. It is more than probable that the Attorney-General has seen that what he was led to believe would benefit Art is in reality ruinous to it, and that, at all events, a postponement till next session is advisable. Meanwhile the secretary of the committee is not idle; he has addressed a circular to various persons, entreating them to "interest as many members of Parliament as they can to ask the reason of the delay," and suggests a "deputation to Lord Palmerston"—after a bill has been read a first time! The gist of the circular is, however, contained in the following passage:—"We must, above all, get aid from the Commissioners of the 1862 Exhibition, and make out a case through them that the passing of the bill is material to the interests of that exhibition."

THE ROBBERY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—On the conclusion of the hanging of the pictures at the Academy, this year, when application began to be made for the rejected works, it was discovered that seven cameos, with their mountings, which had been valued at £54, and seven pictures, had been stolen.

Property of this kind abstracted under such circumstances is not likely to remain long undiscovered, and it is matter of surprise that the pictures have not yet been found. The cameos have been traced to the possession of Leopold Baldacci, an Italian modeller in the employment of another Italian, well known to sculptors, named Bruciani. On notice of the robbery being given to the pawnbrokers in the usual printed form, the assistant of a pawnbroker in the Minories, named Annis, came forward and produced one of the cameos, which led to the recovery of the others, which had all been pledged at different places. The man is committed for trial; and the Royal Academy, although "irresponsible," prosecute. The cameos were the property of Mr. Powke, a medallist and sculptor.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—On the evening of the 23rd of May, by the kind permission of the Lord Mayor, the Mansion House was thrown open to the members of this society and their friends—upwards of twelve hundred in number; on which occasion there was exhibited a collection of works of Art, containing many memorable productions that have passed the ordeal of public opinion. The Lord Mayor, who is one of the Vice-Presidents, opened the proceedings by stating that, when application was made to him, for permission to hold a *conversazione* in the Mansion House, he hesitated, and thought it his duty to weigh the matter well before acceding to the request; and, having considered the objects of the society, he concluded that he could, with great propriety, comply with the requisition. But, independently of all considerations, had he been disposed to return an unfavourable answer to the deputation, such a noble collection of works as he saw before him must have influenced him most favourably to the wish of the society. The speech of the Lord Mayor was most favourably received; after which Mr. Otley, the indefatigable secretary, read a paper, in which was given a history of the society, its objects, and the proceedings whereby it proposes to carry them out.

STATUES OF BRUNEL AND STEPHENSON.—It has been determined by the committee for carrying out these memorials of the distinguished engineers, which are to be executed in bronze by Baron Marochetti, that they shall be erected in the gardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, near the statue of Canning.

THE CONVERSAZIONE OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS at South Kensington, on the 1st of June, was attended by nearly five thousand ladies and gentlemen. Of course, in such a crowd, little was to be seen and less to be done; but it was a pleasant and profitable gathering, which gave rational enjoyment to many.

SOUTH LONDON MUSEUM.—We understand that a *conversazione* will be held early in the month of July, at the South Kensington Museum, on behalf of the funds of the society for the formation of the South London Museum, the first of the proposed suburban museums mooted by the late committee of the House of Commons on "public institutions." The society has been in operation for nearly a year, and has for its object to establish a museum in the midst of the thickly inhabited district of the metropolis south of the Thames, arranged upon the popular manner of that at South Kensington, with objects illustrative of all the great branches of the Fine Arts, archaeology, industrial Art, and applied science. Popular lectures, delivered in the evening, when the building is proposed to be well lighted, are to hold a prominent place in the contemplated arrangements, and every feature is proposed to be studied to render the institution a great instructor of Art to the metropolis and to the immediate neighbourhood, which contains an enormous number of intelligent artisans who have at present no institution in the locality open to impart popular instruction.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART BAZAAR.—The Bazaar at the Museum, South Kensington, in aid of the Building Fund of the Female School of Art, was sufficiently successful to render certain the object in view of sustaining the school, as one of the Art institutions of the metropolis. During the present year, bazaars have been very numerous; this, the latest, had therefore a struggle for success. It was, however, liberally supplied with gifts; several generous manufacturers sending contributions, and, as usual, there was an ample supply of

"ladies' work." We trust that Miss Gann will be satisfied with the result; for to her indefatigable zeal and industry we shall be entirely indebted for averting the extinction of a most useful institution—one that essentially promotes Art, and provides remunerative employment for many young women of good positions in society. We have so often and earnestly advocated the school, that our readers will now require no more than this brief report of its progress.

ECCLESIASTICAL BRONZE MEDALS.—Messrs. Elkington and Co., whose efforts to give to every class of their manufactures an elevated Art-character, entitle them to unequalled praise, have recently produced a series of bronze medals illustrating five of our principal cathedrals, namely, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, York, Winchester, and Lincoln. They are of large size, about two inches in diameter; the reverse side presents an exterior view, the obverse the interior of the nave, except in the Westminster Abbey medal, where the choir is seen. The dies were engraved by Weiner of Brussels, and, to judge from the sharpness, clearness, and relief of the castings, are very beautifully executed. An inscription upon each notifies the date of the erection of the cathedral, and the various important alterations it has undergone since its foundation. Enclosed in a case lined with crimson velvet, no prettier gift could be offered to any one who takes an interest in numismatic works bearing the devices of our noble ecclesiastical edifices.

GEMS AND ILLUMINATIONS have been brought from all sources for the exhibitions of the closing session of the Society of Antiquaries and the Archaeological Institute. The illuminated manuscripts at the rooms of the Antiquaries were among the most valuable known, and included the Julio Clovio belonging to the Queen, and the still finer specimen, the "Last Judgment," mentioned in such glowing terms by Vasari, and which is certainly unequalled in size and beauty; it is the property of the Rev. C. Towneley, and was originally executed for the Cardinal Farnese. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster sent the Littleton service books, the Tenison Library contributed the famous Saxon Prudentius, and a host of private collectors their most valued works. In a similarly liberal spirit gems of all kinds were sent to the Institute, chief among them the far-famed Devonshire collection, including the magnificent *parure* encrusted with antique gems, made for the Countess Granville, to wear at the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas at the time when her husband the earl was ambassador to Russia. This collection, originally formed by the famous Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, in 1610, is, with the Beaulieu Collection, the most remarkable known; both are the property of the Duke of Devonshire, and both were sent for exhibition. The busts of Manlius Scantilla and Didius Julianus are among the largest antique camei in existence, so is the bust of the Empress Domitia on a peacock—an apotheosis of rarity and beauty. The Duke of Hamilton sent the remarkable jewel enclosing a portrait of James I.; and Mrs. Barker the jewel presented by Queen Elizabeth to Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury. These few notes may serve to show the variety and richness of both collections, which deserve a detailed catalogue.

MESSRS. BENHAM, of Wigmore Street, have just completed a highly important addition to their establishment, for the reception of their productions in architectural and ecclesiastical metal work. A spacious new gallery has been constructed and fitted up from the designs, and under the direction, of Mr. R. Norman Shaw; it is altogether satisfactory both in its artistic treatment and in its happy adaptation to its destined uses. The collections of Art-manufactures that the Messrs. Benham have placed in their new gallery are of the highest order of excellence, and many of them are particularly remarkable for originality and ability of design, as well as for excellence of execution. We believe that in these designs the hand of the architect of the gallery may be detected. If so, we congratulate the Messrs. Benham on the sound judgment which has led them to secure the co-operation of an artist of no ordinary ability. Mr. Norman Shaw, who is practising with Mr. Street, is a young Gothic architect, who promises to attain to the highest honours of his profession; and it is gratifying to find him thus connected with practical men, who are producers of

architectural accessories. Such an alliance is honourable alike to both parties, and promises well for the future of the Art-manufactures of our country.

Messrs. Hart, of Wych Street, the well-known artist-manufacturers in the hard and also in the precious metals, have just fitted up in the Crystal Palace a truly splendid depository of their various works, chiefly of an architectural character, and for the most part executed in either brass or iron. This collection of choice examples of works of universal utility and interest, is a new feature in the Sydenham establishment which we have observed with the utmost satisfaction. Our only regret is that the authorities should not have found a more advantageous position for the Messrs. Hart's works. They now stand very near Searle's Fine Art Court, but they are too much obscured by other less worthy occupants of the adjoining space. We congratulate Mr. Bousfield, the able superintending officer of the Crystal Palace Company, on this most important addition to the collections under his care; and we trust that the enterprising exhibitors will be amply remunerated for both the thought and the money that have been so freely expended in producing this illustrative exhibition of their works.

THE MARQUIS OF DOWNSHIRE has given commissions to the young Irish sculptor, O'Doherty, now settled in London, to execute for him in marble a statue of 'Aethes,' already modelled in the artist's studio, and a full-length of himself. Mr. O'Doherty's statue of 'Eria,' from which we are preparing an engraving, was also a commission from the marquis.

BRITISH SCULPTURE.—There is a prospect that British sculpture will, at length, obtain the consideration and the position to which it is undoubtedly entitled. His Royal Highness the Prince Consort recently received a number of the leading members of the profession, with a view to ascertain the requirements of the art in England: the immediate purpose being, we believe, the placing a series of statues in the grounds of the Horticultural Gardens: but having for its object a means of properly exhibiting the works that are annually produced in Great Britain, but which are rarely seen except by those by whom they are commissioned. We are not as yet in a position to make a more minute report; but it will be our duty to watch future proceedings—with anxiety, but also with confidence in the issue.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION, BROMPTON.—This valuable, useful, and well-managed institution has occasionally, as most of our readers know, been brought before their notice in our columns. We are again desirous of appealing to them on its behalf, and to ask their aid towards its support. Since the opening of the new building in 1846, the number of in-patients who have received treatment is 8,462, and the number of out-patients 55,821, each of these patients having been under medical care for a period varying from a few weeks to several months, and, in many instances, with most successful result. The annual expenditure at the present time is, even with the most careful management, upwards of £8,000, of which only about one half is derived from reliable resources, that is, from annual subscriptions; the balance must be gathered in from extraneous channels, so to speak, which channels have lately fallen short of the usual supply, while the expenses, owing to the increased price of provisions, &c., have been considerably augmented. Additional annual subscriptions, as well as voluntary contributions, are therefore greatly needed to meet the necessities of the Hospital, and to maintain its efficient working. It has a strong and urgent claim on the public, which, we trust, will not be made in vain.

ART IN AUSTRALIA.—An advertisement in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, recently forwarded to us by a correspondent, announces the sale by public auction, "without reserve, of one of the most elegant and chaste assortments of Water-Colour drawings!!! (sic) ornaments, and statuettes, &c. &c., ever seen in Sydney." To direct special attention to the sale, it is stated that—"The auctioneer feels much pleasure in having the opportunity of introducing pictures of a very rare class in Sydney, and when it is so well known that water-coloured drawings and paintings by Modern Artists (vide Ruskin's report) are purchased fresh from the easel at prices ranging from £100 to £1,700 each, it is to be hoped that the Australian connoisseurs will not allow this sale to escape their notice." Our correspondent writes word, that not a single drawing or painting was in

the collection, which consisted of chromo-lithographic prints and Baxter's oil-prints. We do not, for an instant, suppose the knowledge of Art to be so limited in the country, as to think the "Australian connoisseurs" are to be thus imposed upon; still we recommend them to be on their guard when they enter an auction-room, where "elegant and chaste assortments," &c., are to be sold, even with the authority of "Mr. Ruskin's report," if such a document could be found.

A STATUE OF Sir James Outram, K.C.B., is, it is said, to be erected in Trafalgar Square, near that of Havelock; we only hope it will be better worthy its destination. The subscriptions for the work, as well as for a memorial, of a similar or another kind, of the gallant officer for erection in India, have now reached £5,000.

MEDIAEVAL EMBROIDERY AND BOOKBINDING.—At their rooms, in Suffolk Street, the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain have formed a curious and interesting exhibition, composed, chiefly, of rare objects of mediæval embroidery and needlework, and of specimens of comparatively early bookbinding. Every such collection, in addition to its inherent value as an illustrator of the history of the past, possesses a present interest in the beneficial influence which it ought to exercise upon the productions of our own day. Happily, archaeology has learned to admit its own utility in the capacity of a teacher of living students and workers; and, accordingly, in the mediæval collections to which we now refer, the Institute must be considered to have provided much of useful and valuable information for our own bookbinders, and all who are interested in textile fabrics of the highest order. There is an Art-character in early works which it is always desirable to study; and such is signally the case in the instance of the present collections. Amongst the most important specimens are a numerous series of the sacerdotal vestments of the church of Rome, including the Henry VII. cope, from Stonyhurst, the Sion cope of the 13th century, other copes, and some remarkable chasubles, with the celebrated embroidered mitre and amice of Thomas à Becket, made in 1164, which were long preserved in the cathedral of Sens, and are now exhibited by Cardinal Wiseman. (The mitre is figured in "Labarte's Handbook," p. 89.) In addition to the interesting character of their binding, many of the books exhibited are, in themselves, well worthy of examination as examples of the typographic art at an early period of its history.

THE RAFFAELLE PICTURE IN THE LOUVRE, absurdly called *La Belle Jardinière*, has a rival in the possession of Mr. Kellogg, an American artist, in Cunningham Place, St. John's Wood. It is painted on a panel composed of four upright pieces of Italian poplar, which it has been ascertained was strengthened by a parquetry by M. Haquin, *rentoileur* to the royal museums in the time of Louis XV. Our knowledge of 'La Belle Jardinière' extends over a period of thirty years, but even this old acquaintance with the picture has never inspired any veneration for it. The history of the picture is not more known than that in the possession of Mr. Kellogg, which is clearly a very ancient picture, with much better claims to be considered a Raffaele than scores of pictures attributed to him. In very much, except composition, it differs from the Louvre, and coincides in material points with the sketch at Holkham, an authentic drawing by Raffaele, and the *première idée* of the "Jardinière." The history of Mr. Kellogg's picture is simply this—that fifty years ago it formed a principal attraction in the collection of Count Benzel Sernau, at Maria-halden, near Zurich. When M. Sernau's collection was sold, the picture realized 47,480 francs, and came into the possession of a collector, from whose heirs it was purchased by Mr. Kellogg. It has been slightly retouched here and there in reparation of injuries, but it is a brilliant picture, with quite as good a claim to be considered original as any other that cannot be traced year by year to the easel of the painter.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY has a grievance—its president, the Lord Chief Baron, writes strongly on the subject to the Secretary of her Majesty's Commissioners for the International Exhibition, 1862. The Commissioners have placed photography amongst carpenters' tools and agricultural implements, and naturally enough the photographers are offended.

The following quotation from Sir F. Pollock's letter places this grievance in its proper light:—"The Photographic Society has been founded chiefly with a view to promote photography in connection with science and the Fine Arts, and the members interest themselves about photographic apparatus in the same manner only as a Raphael or a Reynolds might select and use the most convenient easel, the best brushes, or the most appropriate and enduring colours—the instrument is comparatively nothing. Photography consists in the artistic use of any apparatus upon a subject properly selected, and occasionally arranged and prepared. They are quite willing to contribute as much as lies in their power to illustrate what photography has done, and is daily doing.—In producing the most accurate copies of the finest works of Art, ancient or modern; in multiplying representations of the fairest or the wildest scenes of nature, and whatever Art has done to adorn or improve nature in the building cities and constructing magnificent works and buildings of all sorts, from the cathedral or palace to the humblest cottage—from the bridge that spans a mighty river to the plank that crosses a brook; or in giving enduring pictures of private and domestic life. They do not complain that the apparatus they use is put among all the other apparatus, but they do complain that results such as have been exhibited for many years by the society, and have been honoured by the presence and encouragement of her Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, are deemed worthy of no better place than among tools and mechanical devices of whatever merit; and they would appeal to the royal and illustrious patrons of their body to be rescued from the comparative degradation of being mixed up with the last improvement in ploughs or cart-wheels, or ships' tackle."—We learn that the Architects are also angry with the Commissioners—that Manufacturers complain of being left without any idea of a plan—and that the Metallurgists have memorialised, desirous to know if any design exists, or if all things are to be left to the chapter of accidents.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE OF 'Our Saviour in the Temple' is still on view at the German Gallery, with his picture of 'Claudio and Isabella,' and five water-colour drawings, the subjects of which are:—'The Plain of Rephaim from Zion,' 'Nazareth,' 'The Dead Sea from Siloam,' 'Cairo—Sunset on the Gebel Mokattum,' and 'Jerusalem during Ramazan,' all of which it is presumed have been accurately studied from the realities.

JARRETT'S MARKING PRESS.—This most ingenious and effective invention has been introduced for the purpose of marking linen, &c., by means of a press, somewhat similar in its general action to the press used for stamping envelopes, &c. Nothing can be more complete and effectual than the new press, which works with the ordinary marking-inks in the most satisfactory manner. A single press will admit the use of any number of dies, so that the linen of the various members of a family may all be marked with their appropriate names, ciphers, or heraldic insignia. The inventor and patentee is Mr. Jarrett, of the Poultry and of Regent's Quadrant; and the presses are also to be obtained at his dépôt in Searle's "Stationery Court," at the Crystal Palace. We may add, that the cost of this eminently useful invention is comparatively trifling, and that it is not by any means likely to get out of order.

MUSICAL NOTES.—M. F. Fessel has made some curious discoveries on the sensitiveness of the human ear to musical notes. The result of his experiments is that the same note is heard differently by the right and by the left ear of every individual. M. Fessel was engaged in examining the new Parisian tuning-fork, and he says,—"I observed that a fork which I had tuned by holding it to my right ear, while the standard was held to my left, when compared with the fork used for the exact pitch, made one vibration too many in the course of several seconds; which a fork tuned by being held to my left ear, while the standard was held to my right, vibrated less than the other. The fork, in accurate pitch, gave the lower note, consequently I hear all notes somewhat higher with my right ear than with my left." This experiment has been tried by M. Fessel on a great number of his musical friends, and the result is, in all cases, a difference between the two ears in their appreciation of sounds.

REVIEWS.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER; or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation. Being a Discourse of Rivers, Fish-ponds, Fish, and Fishing, written by IZAAK WALTON; and Instructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With original Memoirs and Notes, by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, K.C.M.G. Second Edition. Published by NATTALI and BOND, London.

Of all the editions of Walton's and Cotton's well-known treatises on angling, this is by far the most full and comprehensive: it is not one the angler can put into the pocket of his coat to wile away the hot midday hours, when the trout are off their feed, and lie basking near the surface of the water in the bright sunshine, but consists of two large octavo volumes—originally contained in one—printed in bold type, which an octogenarian might almost read without the aid of glasses; it is, in fact, the second edition of the library copy undertaken, a quarter of a century ago, by the late Sir Harris Nicolas, for Mr. Pickering, the publisher, in Piccadilly, who employed Stothard to make drawings of the scenery described, and Inskipp of the fishes, Pickering himself selecting the notes which relate to the art. "It has been," says Sir Harris, in the preface, "to his friend, Mr. Pickering, a labour of love. Neither time nor expense was spared to produce an edition of the 'Complete Angler' worthy of the state of the Arts at the present day, and of the importance which was, in his opinion, due to the subject; and during the seven years in which the work has been in progress, his ardour never for a moment abated."

This edition of one of the most "beautiful pastorals" ever written has been too highly prized by bibliopoliasts, and lovers of the angle, who could afford to indulge in the luxury of possessing such a copy of their favourite author, to render any encomium of ours necessary; but it has long been out of print, and we are glad that the appearance of a second edition, after the lapse of so many years, affords us the opportunity of commending it to notice. It may be as well to observe that the text of the "Complete Angler" is that of Walton's own fifth edition, published in 1676, which was the last revised by the author, the variations between it and the four previous editions being carefully indicated at the foot of each page. These variations are often curious, as Walton very considerably enlarged the second and the fifth editions of his work.

Stothard's illustrations look quaint to eyes accustomed to more recent works of this kind; but the peculiarity is rather a recommendation than otherwise, as it seems to be more in harmony with the period in which the book was written.

ICE BOUND. By WALTER THORNBURY, Author of "British Artists from Hogarth to Turner," "Every Man His Own Trumpeter," &c. &c. Published by HURST & BLACKETT, London.

Recollecting how constantly Mr. Thornbury appears in print before the public, he must be allowed to be a very prolific author, with a vast amount of literary material at command: to expect him to be at the same time a profound writer, would be to argue against reason; weight is an impediment to velocity, and deep streams flow more slowly than shallow. There must be a class of writers to suit readers who require amusement, as well as a class for those thirsting after knowledge and instruction. Mr. Thornbury's works will find ready acceptance with the former.

But it must not, therefore, be inferred that his writings are only the spontaneous growth of a fertile imagination, and that they cost neither labour nor thought; the simple historical incidents on which his stories are generally based, with all the correlative descriptions woven into them, show that no small amount of research, and no insignificant degree of information have been expended in the collecting and working up of his materials. His strength lies in description rather than in character, dealing more with scenes and situations than with motives, and feelings, and ingeniously-constructed plots; he sustains the interest of a sententious dialogue, without a too close analysis of the promptings which call forth the words. "Ice Bound" is a work precisely of this nature: its title affords no clue to the contents, but appears to have been adopted as a kind of literary peg whereon to hang a series of tales. The officers of a ship frozen up in the Arctic regions, after adopting various projects for willing away the long dreary winter, and pursuing them till everybody was wearied *ad nauseam*, agree at last to attempt something not yet tried.

An officer suggests "that any one of us, from the first lieutenant to the surgeon's assistant, who had any taste for writing, should at once set to and write by turns a short novel or story, to be read aloud three times a week, so many chapters an evening, after the tantalizing system adopted by the delightful lady in the 'Arabian Nights.' A Charles the Second story, an Egyptian romance, some Welsh tales, and a novel of the time of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, were instantly promised." These, then, are the ingredients of Mr. Thornbury's three volumes, and he has worked up his materials, with his usual dextrous and ready pen, into most amusing and striking stories, sketchy, but yet lively and vigorous; the variety of subjects, time, place, and characters, is, perhaps, more attractive than one continuous tale would have proved.

We must, however, take exception to the first chapter of "The Madman's Novel," a tale of the time of Tiberius, the idea of which is partly borrowed from the late Dr. Croly's "Salathiel;" but Mr. Thornbury speaks with far less reverence than did that eloquent divine and writer of the great mysterious events which took place at Jerusalem during the reign of the Roman emperor. The men whom Christ raised from the dead, or restored to sight, are not the characters to be introduced into a novel in a light and somewhat flippant way, in company with African snake-charmers and the worshippers of Venus and Bacchus. Least of all, should the agonizing journey from the Hall of Judgment to the summit of Calvary be associated with the jests of the Hebrew scorners and the young Roman voluptuary. All this is evidence of bad taste, to say nothing more, and we regret to see it in a book which otherwise has our commendation.

A WEEK AT THE LAND'S END. By J. T. BLIGHT. Published by LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN & Co., London.

Cornwall—or, at least, its westernmost point—appears to offer but little attraction to the tourist. Ask the father of a family, or even a bachelor friend, where the former is going to take "the girls," or the latter himself, this summer, and the chances are a thousand to one against the reply being "Cornwall." Distance cannot, in the present day, be always an obstacle, for it is as accessible as many other places which find abundance of visitors; it is ignorance of the beauties of the county, and of its interesting local and historical associations, that deters travellers from going there. But if such are looking out for new ground, now that summer has at length broken in upon us warmly and cheerily, let them consult Mr. Blight's little volume, carefully compiled and neatly illustrated, and then consider whether it would not be worth while to penetrate beyond the verdant slopes and wooded hills of Devonshire into the rocky yet picturesque and not unfertile region of the extreme west of England, whither the Phœnicians came for its metallic riches, and over which the Roman legions marched. We can scarcely doubt of a verdict in its favour.

The coast scenery of this district is very magnificent, scarcely surpassed by any in the British dominions; a few weeks may be spent here, not only pleasantly but profitably: here is a mine of wealth for the antiquarian, the botanist, and the geologist, such as scarcely any other locality can supply, all of which Mr. Blight talks about and shows in a most agreeable and inviting manner, without losing sight of the historical events—many of them highly interesting—which, as he introduces them, seem as *reliefs* to the scientific descriptions. We are perfectly ready to endorse his opinion that—"Those who wish to behold nature in her grandest aspect, those who love the sea-breezes, and the flowers which grow by the cliffs, the cairns and monumental rocks, all hoary and bearded with moss, those who are fond of the legends and traditions of old, and desire to tread on ground sacred to the peculiar rites and warlike deeds of remote ages, should visit the land of old Cornwall, of which it will be found that the district of Bolesium" (that is, the Land's End) "is not the least interesting portion."

THE MAY QUEEN. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Illustrated by Mrs. W. H. HARTLEY. Chromolithographed by W. R. TYMMS. Published by DAY & SON, London.

The post-laureate's touching lyric of "The May Queen" is an excellent subject for floral illustration, and Mrs. Hartley has employed it in an exceedingly graceful and appropriate manner. Each verse is surrounded with a border of wild or garden flowers and plants alluded to in, or suggested by, the lines of the writer, some printed on a gold ground, some on white, and others on tints, producing an agreeable variety combined with har-

mony of design. Two or three of the pages are particularly entitled to notice for their pretty ornamentation; as, what we shall call the "honey-suckle" page, the "cowslip and crowfoot," the "holly-berry," the "snowdrop," the "field grass," the "mignonette," and the "forget-me-not." The title-page, with its sprigs of pink and white hawthorn, is among the best of the series. Here is an elegant volume that deserves a welcome in any home; it goes forth to the world with our hearty "*Bon Voyage*."

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G. Engraved by T. O. BARLOW, from the Picture by J. LUCAS. Published by FORBES & Co., London.

A full-length portrait of the popular commander-in-chief, standing, in undress uniform, and holding his plumed hat in hand, under the shadow of a noble oak-tree. Like Hotspur, he leans on his sword, but unlike the bold Northumbrian, the duke is not "breathless and faint," though there is a charge of cavalry in his rear; however, the towers in the distance are those of Windsor, and the noise and smoke of battle are probably nothing more than what proceed from a review in the Great Park adjacent to the royal castle. The figure stands well, in a manly, yet easy, attitude; the head, with its high, bald forehead, comes out clear and distinct from a background of dark sky, showing to great advantage a countenance whose likeness to the father of the duke is recognised by all who knew both. Those estimable traits of characters which made the latter so great a favourite are inherited by the son, and have not been lost sight of by the artist in the picture which Mr. Barlow has transferred into black and white with very considerable power and artistic effect.

PUCK ON PEGASUS. By H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL. Illustrated by LEECH, PHIZ, PORTCH, and TENNIEL; with a Frontispiece by G. CRUIKSHANK. Engraved by DALRIEL BROTHERS, JOSEPH SWAIN, JOHN SWAIN, and E. EVANS. Published by J. C. HOTTEN, London.

Every attempt that has been made to rival Hood's humorous writings has failed; they do, and ever will, stand alone: still this is no reason why other authors should not ride their own hobbies over the same course; and Mr. Pennell has placed Puck on the winged Pegasus, and given the rein to his imagination in a series of droll poems fashioned after the similitude of Longfellow, Tennyson, Martin Tupper, Macaulay, Southey, and others. They are clever imitations of the styles of these respective writers, and are not without considerable humour; but the comedy is generally rather of the "low" than the "genteel" kind, and the book, notwithstanding its gay exterior, is certainly not one to grace a lady's boudoir. "The Night Mail North" shows Mr. Pennell to have power of thought and expression, which, if judiciously directed, might be turned to a good and profitable account. The illustrations are worthy of *Punch*, which is the highest compliment we can pay them.

"ECCE FILIUS TUUS"—"ECCE MATER." Engraved by R. STANG, from the Picture by G. GUFFENS. Published by J. PHILP, London.

This is a small engraving from one of the numerous scriptural subjects emanating from the modern school of German painters; the subject is exquisite in the expression of feeling, and graceful in the arrangement of the group at the foot of the cross. The Virgin mother and the beloved disciple have joined hands, to ratify, as it were, the last injunction of Christ; and Mary Magdalen bows herself down by their side, hiding her face to conceal the grief occasioned by her irreparable loss. The whole composition is full of deep, sorrowful sentiment, and is very delicately engraved; the sky, however, is thin, hard, and unpicturesque in its cloud-forms.

WHERE SHALL WE GO? A Guide to the Watering Places of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

The second edition of a cheap and very useful guide-book which came under our notice last summer, and which we then recommended to health and pleasure-seekers preparing for a journey into the country. We speak of it again to remark that this new edition seems to have been very carefully revised, and that the matter is rather more ample than in the preceding. The only objection one who desires to "go" somewhere would urge against it is, the difficulty it presents to making a selection; the temptations to travel east, west, north, or south of the metropolis, seem equally great.



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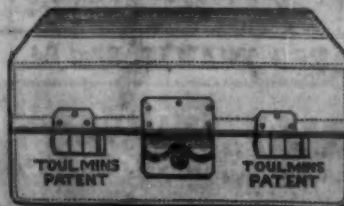
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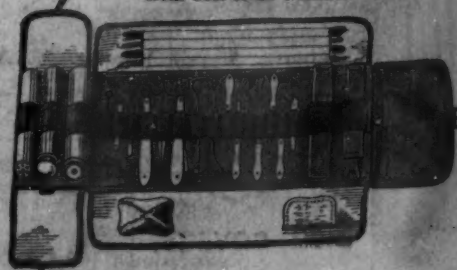
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